THE BYSTANDER
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MAY 21, 1930

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"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

COUPON AND RULES (*See page 390*)

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 390, write your solutions in ink on the form provided below.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

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47 As .....

48 As .....

49 As .....

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May 21

the BYSTANDER

MRS. RONALD ARMSTRONG-JONES

One of the most beautiful women in Society and a leader of the younger set. She is the sister of that clever artist and designer, Mr. Oliver Messel, and the daughter-in-law of Sir Robert and Lady Armstrong-Jones

Raphael

BOVRIL gives fitness without fatness

THE GALLERY

A part of the enormous crowd at Formby which followed Miss Molly Gourlay and Miss Glenna Collett when they met in the Ladies' Championships in the fourth round, and the latter won a great tussle at the 21st. Some 5,000 people followed the game, but they were very ineffectively shepherded, and a badly pulled shot of Miss Collett's, which should have landed in the rough, hit a spectator and bounced back into the fairway

The Passing Hour

Sport and General

Miss Molly Gourlay bunkered at the 5th during her thrilling match with the American champion, Miss Glenna Collett. The match, which was one of the finest seen for a long time, was played on Miss Gourlay's birthday

THERE was a very large house-party at Eaton Hall for the Chester race week, where, besides racing, there was a great deal of lawn tennis played on the Duke of Westminster's very fine hard courts. There were many well-known people amongst the guests, Lord and Lady Carnarvon, Lord and Lady Queensberry (the latter looking delightfully pretty and wearing some really lovely frocks), Lord Lonsdale, Sir Claude and Lady De Crespigny, Lady Delamere (who is a very keen lawn tennis player), Mr. Sydney Beer, Mr. "Sonny" Graves, Mr. Percy Whitaker, Mr. Atty Persse, Major and Mrs. "Vandy" Beatty, Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew, the Duke of Westminster's two pretty daughters, Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey and Lady Mary Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. Robin D'Erlanger, Major Jack Rendall (the well-known lawn tennis player), Captain Filmer Sankey, Captain Hillyard, General Ponsonby, Miss Marjoribanks, Miss Enid Raphael, and Miss Marjorie Leigh.

The Guest of Honour

THE Duchess of Bedford, spectacled and grey haired, has not yet recovered from her trip to Cape Town and back. For some years she has been a trifle hard of hearing, but the continuous roaring of the engines for twenty consecutive days has made her quite deaf. She also contracted a severe cold. But that did not prevent her going to the luncheon held in her honour the other day.

L. N. A.

Miss Glenna Collett, the American, whose victory at the 21st over Miss Gourlay in the Ladies' Championships at Formby proved the most thrilling match of the meeting

Uninsurable

AT this luncheon, at which Sir Alan and Lady Cobham were present, I heard some remarkably piquant

GOLDEN NOTES AS PRESENTS

analyses of various flyers. In each case the analysis was based on the strictly commercial and matter-of-fact question of what they have to pay as a premium. Well, while at one end of the scale the most experienced pilots only have to hand over the equivalent of 12s. a week, others, whose photographs appear frequently in the newspapers, are absolutely uninsurable. It would not be actually libellous to mention their names here, as they are all amateurs and do not make a business of flying, but at the same time I think it would be kinder to refrain.

Reward

DAME NELLIE MELBA has the charming habit of rewarding people who do her small services by breaking into song. For example, she always sings to the woman who dresses her hair. It is a proof that her famous voice has lost little of its appeal, despite the fact that she has retired finally, that when, the other day, she sang "Home, Sweet Home," still in the robe which she wore while her locks were being attended to, the hairdresser's assistant burst into floods of tears.

Sequel

ONE result of the International Covent Garden season has been that Lotte Lehmann has been offered big parts both at the Chicago and the New York Opera Houses. It was, incidentally, at the Opera the other night that I heard of a certain titled couple who crossed the Channel the other day and asked a friend in an unguarded moment to show their passports for them. The friend did so, but, en passant, looked inside. To his acute interest he discovered that they are officially described as "Mr. and Mrs. . . ."!

LONDON'S GREAT

Some of the huge crowd which gathered in the cars bearing the debutantes to Buckingham Palace bear the friendly inspection of hundreds of eyes through the

Catching Lord Brecknock

THAT was an extraordinary experience which befell Lord Brecknock the other evening at the Aldwych Theatre. He was sitting cosily in the stalls with a small party, when a theatre attendant approached him and said "Mid-Atlantic wants you." Scarcely understanding what it was all

Hay Wrightson

LADY BEATRIX CADOGAN

The elder daughter of the Earl and Countess Cadogan, who was presented by her mother. She wore a dress with an ivory satin bodice embroidered in pearls, with a tulle skirt over satin

Planet News

PRINCESS EMMILINA DE BROGLIE

In the striking gown which she wore when she made her curtsey at the first Court. She was presented by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes

MISS C. BLUNDELL *Barratt*

Who wore a gown of turquoise blue heavy Macedonian satin with a parchment and gold train, keeps cheerful under the ordeal of waiting

VOICES ACROSS THE SEA

PEEP SHOW *Planet News*

Mall on the evening of the first Court. The long line of always attracts great interest, and the passengers have to with what equanimity they may. The great majority come ordeal with flying colours

about, he suffered himself to be led to the telephone and spoke to Lady Brecknock, who had called him up from the Majestic, with as much ease and lack of trouble as if he was making a local call. It is a proof of the efficiency of the telephone service that he was located at the theatre in question within four minutes of the call having been put in at his house in London.

A FRIENDLY VISIT *Fox Photos*

The Hon. Angela Richmond, who was presented by her mother, Lady Richmond, is greeted by her dog during the inevitable wait in the Mall

Lord Longford's Ambition

ONE of the most interesting girls presented at Court during last week was Lady Violet Pakenham, who was presented by her aunt, Lady Dynevor. Lady Violet is a sister of Lady Pansy Lamb, whose husband — a first-class artist — is said by some people to have been the original of Lewis Dodd, the hero of "The Constant Nymph." Another sister, Lady Mary Pakenham, is a very good artist; while Lord Longford, her brother, is anxious to enter the Irish Senate, but is not yet old enough to be able to do so.

A FAIR CANADIAN

Miss Catherine Snead, of Montreal, who was presented by Lady Parmoor. She is the seventeen-year-old granddaughter of Mr. W. D Robb, the Senior Vice-President of the Canadian National Railways

Early Days

THE Pakenham children all had a very old-fashioned upbringing. There are four girls and two boys in the family, and when they were small they all had to wear white cotton gloves when they went to the seaside. People can still remember at Westgate the long clothes-line at the back of the house where they stayed. This was covered from end to end with dozens of these little white cotton Pakenham gloves.

An Echo

THE presentation of Miss Anne Magniac by her mother recalls a pleasant story of the late Mr. "Grubby" Grosvenor, whose death was officially presumed the other day, and whose parents, Lord and Lady Stalbridge, are anxious to sell Warsash House. Somebody told Mr. Grosvenor that Mr. Magniac owned Hay's Wharf. "Hay's Wharf?" he asked—"Hay's Wharf?—I don't remember a horse of that name."

The Roll Call Ball—

A NUMBER of big charity dances are coming along now. One is the Roll Call Ball, which is to take place at the Savoy on May 29. Lady

Peter North

AN AUSTRALIAN DEBUTANTE

Miss Blue Thompson, who was presented at the first Court of the season. She is the daughter of Senator Brigadier-General Thompson, of Canberra, Australia

BRITISH DRESSES TO THE FORE

Gainsborough, Lady Hamond-Græme and Lady Charles Kennedy are organising it. During the evening there is to be a parade and competition for British-made evening frocks and cloaks. There will be three classes:—

(1) For frocks costing more than £15 15s.

(2) For frocks costing less than £15 15s.

(3) For frocks costing not more than £21.

So far fourteen English firms have entered for the competition.

Wide World

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN AT ST. ANDREWS

After being installed as Chancellor of St. Andrews University at the Younger Hall. With him are seen Sir James Irvine, Principal of the University (left) and Dr. Younger (right). The ex Prime Minister's inaugural address in praise of university education was warmly appreciated. On the following morning all three received the Freedom of the City of St. Andrews

L.N.A

The Earl of Iddesleigh and Miss Elizabeth Lowndes, elder daughter of Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes and Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, the well-known novelist, leaving Westminster Cathedral after their wedding. The bride wore a dress of white satin, and her enamal and pearl ornament has been worn by brides in her father's family for nearly two hundred years

—And the Derby Ball

ON Monday, June 2, will be held the Derby Ball at the May Fair Hotel. The Prince of Wales has promised to be present, which will guarantee a full house, and Lady Milbanke is organising it. To give an idea of the people who have taken tickets, it is only necessary to mention the names of Lord Beaverbrook, Lady Louis Mountbatten, the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Richard Norton, Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Castlerosse, and the Duchess of Portland.

M. CHAUVELOT

Managing director of the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes. This popular resort has now been opened for the summer season and is attracting as many visitors as frequent it in wintertime

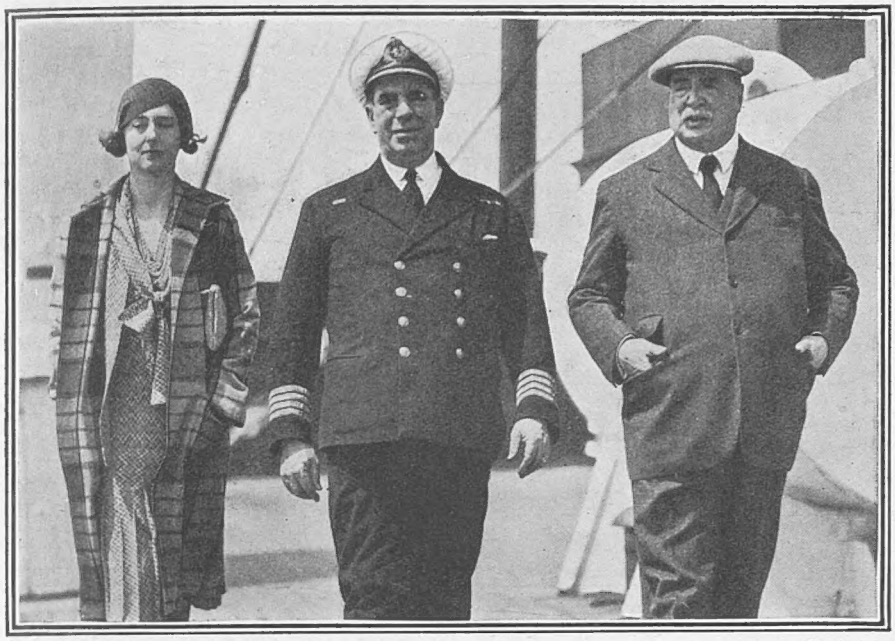
Lord Castlerosse's Correspondents

LORD CASTLEROSSE has been saying in an interview that he has four regular lunatic correspondents. One writes songs. One is a Frenchwoman. One complains about his own wife

LADY DUNN

Who will represent "Cotton" at the Empire Ball, of which she is one of the principal organisers, to be held at the Albert Hall on Monday next. It is in aid of the British Legion, and a large number of well-known guests are expected to be present

LORD CASTLEROSSE AND HIS PUBLIC



Topical

Lord Derby and his daughter-in-law, Lady Maureen Stanley, the daughter of the famous playwright, Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, taking a stroll on deck with Capt. W. Prothero of the Aquitania, in which they sailed to New York. During his American visit he was reported as saying that he is seriously considering selling Derby House and closing Knowsley House, but he has since issued a denial. It is rumoured that Lord Derby is interesting himself in film production

every day. The fourth is illegible. "Whether people like me or not," he went on to say, "I do not give a damn. My gossip is not what I have heard. It is no use being highbrow and forcing on the public what it does not want." That is, indeed, more than some people can say. There are not a few gossip writers whose actual foundations for their remarks are literally "gossip," and sometimes unkind at that.

Raphael

MRS. MAURICE BERNHARD BARON,

Wife of the grandson of the late Bernhard Baron, the well-known philanthropist, is chairman of the "Young Committee" for arranging the Spanish Festa and Ice Carnival to be held at Grosvenor House. This will take place in October, and is in aid of the National Girls' Clubs. Mrs. Bernhard Baron is the daughter of the late Colonel Robert Loftus Tottenham and a cousin of the Marquis of Ely

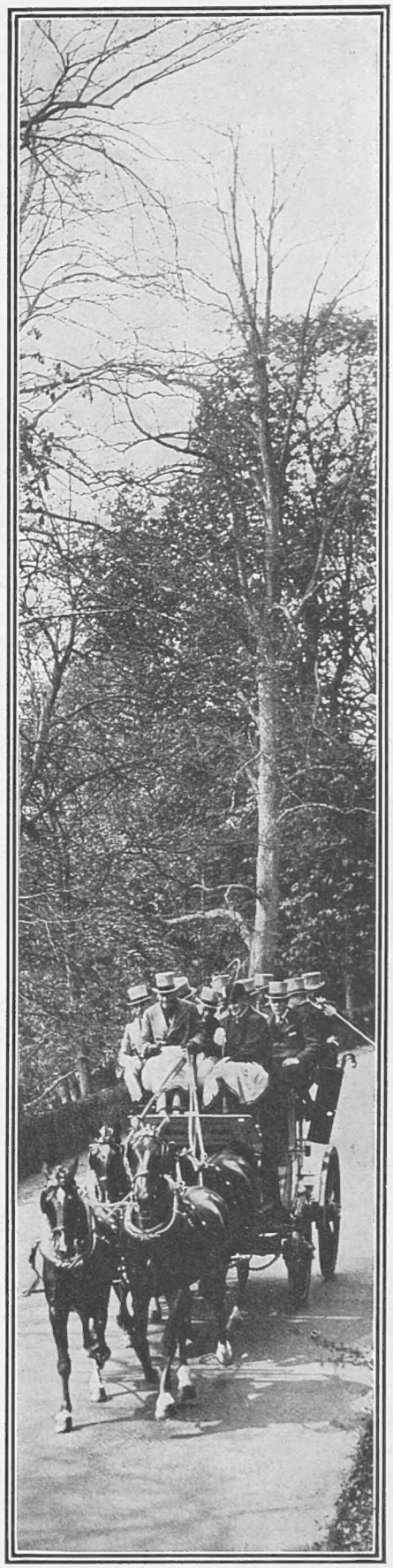
Bassano

PRINCE ALI KHAN

Who has recently registered his racing colours, is a keen jockey. A few years ago he acquired from his father the Sheshoon Stud, near the Curragh, in Ireland

"Murder" in Mayfair

THIS new "murder" game sponsored by Lady Ribblesdale is not a new one. But it is none the less exciting. The victim at Lady Ribblesdale's party

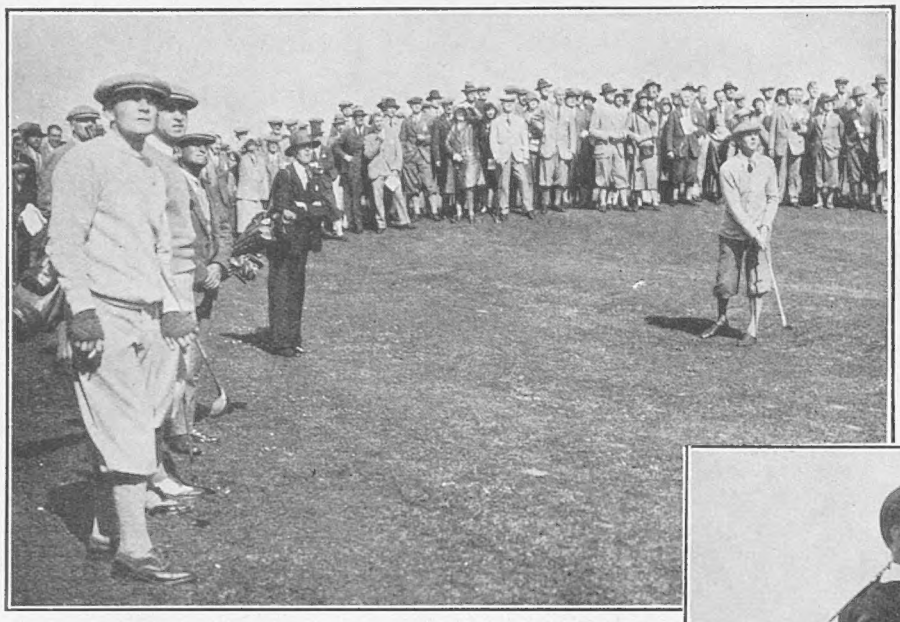


L.N.A.

COACHING DAYS ARE GOLDEN DAYS

The Tally Ho! coach bowling along the leafy roads on its daily run from Piccadilly to Burford Bridge reminds us that summer is indeed here

JOKES WHICH ARE NOT FUNNY



Central Press

Roger Wethered, the British captain in the Walker Cup match, approaching the first green on the Royal St. George's course at Sandwich during the foursomes, in which he was partnered by C. H. J. Tolley. Their American opponents G. von Elm and G. Voight, who were beaten 2 up, are seen in the left foreground

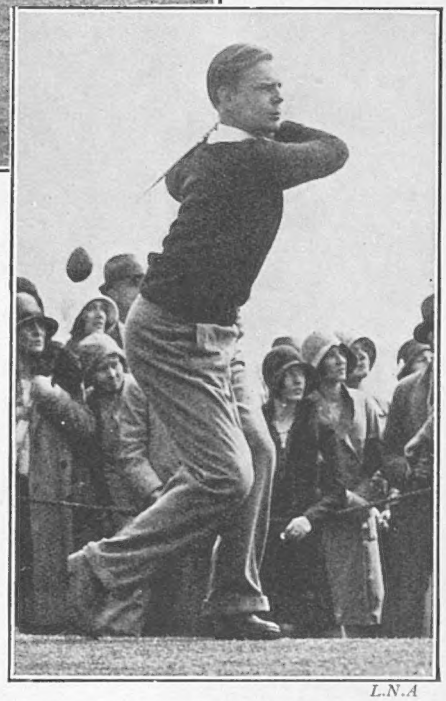
(the Duke of Marlborough was the murderer) was the former Miss Gita Jungman, who, with her sister, was responsible for a number of practical jokes when she was a bright young thing. I forget whether it was she or her sister who dressed up as a Russian Countess and fooled a young member of the Bachelors' Club for nearly three weeks.

Not so Funny

It was quite a good laugh at the time. I am glad, though, that the game of being funny about weddings has stopped. One trick was to ask on the telephone, or with a forged signature, two or three different young men to act as best man. Another was to pretend to be a newspaper reporter and ring up debutantes' mothers to ask them for their daughters' photographs. On the other hand, the exploits of Lady Eleanor Smith, who used to pretend to be a "sob-sister" on the *Birkenhead Evening Telegraph*, and then ask leading American film stars for their life stories, were very funny.

American Weather

The weather at Sandwich—which was on its best behaviour—was a disappointment from the point of view of the English team, who would have preferred to play golf when "the stormy winds do blow." As it was, the match was played in the merest puff of wind and in beautiful sunshine conditions in which the American team felt absolutely at home. But the weather, so far as the first day's play was concerned, was not the only disappointment.



L.N.A

Rex Hartley driving off during the foursomes of the Walker Cup. He and T. A. Torrance were no match for Bobbie Jones and Dr. O. F. Willing

Our Golf Failure

In contrast to the wonderful

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

All eyes on the Derby Final Acceptances which are due on the Tuesday before the week of the big race, but many horses are looked upon as certain runners.

I have made a long shot wager on TREWS, one of the best-looking horses in the field for the Two Thousand Guineas. I hope he will change the Derby luck of Lord Astor.

Here are six more horses that have carried big money and lost. Dot them down in your notebook.

PENNANT was caught and defeated in the last few yards at Newmarket and some big wagers were lost. The distance was six furlongs, and given luck at the "gate," Watson's charge should score readily over this distance in the near future.

FAIR BARGAIN, following his good display at Birmingham, was confidently backed to beat the smart Ready Response colt at Sandown Park. Money poured back to the course in the last few minutes. Showed rare speed, but failed to catch the leaders.

PAUL CARET ran a good race in the Chester Cup, and would have fulfilled expectations but for being compelled to come on a wide outside for the last six furlongs. Carried big money and should be followed with confidence.

GARCONNE will win races over sprint distances. Keep an eye open for her in North Country programmes. She was heavily supported at Chester. She sacrificed more ground than she was beaten by when swinging wide entering the straight.

SUSPICION was caught flat-footed at Chester, otherwise she must have been close to the winner. Professionals gambled on her with a vengeance one big bettor circulating over £500 at fives. She is very speedy and can be followed with confidence to recover losses.

KERR'S PINK defeated all except Grease Paint in the Belgrave Stakes at Chester. Carried some big wagers and should be noted in the North. Very fit just now.

ALL EYES ON THE BALL: THE Part of the huge gallery which followed the Walker Cup match on the Royal St. George's course at Sandwich last only British pair to be successful being the two old Oxford captains,

THE WALKER CUP AT SANDWICH

Central Press

Bobby Jones, America's Walker Cup captain, driving from the first tee of the Royal St. George's course. In the foursomes, he and his partner, Dr. O. F. Willing, inflicted a heavy defeat on the British pair, R. W. Hartley and T. A. Torrance, beating them by 8 and 7

performance of Miss Diana Fishwick in the final of the Women's Open Golf Championship at Formby, the display of our Walker Cup team at Sandwich proved more than a little disappointing. Having succeeded in winning only one of the foursomes on the first day, a special effort was required in the singles if Great Britain was to have any chance at all. Unfortunately for us, our players started off disastrously, and the defeat of Roger Wethered by 9 and 8 at the hands of the American captain, Bobby Jones, who was playing wonderful golf throughout, put a damper on even the most optimistic British supporters. Once again America seems to have affected more than one of our players with an attack of "inferiority complex."

Keystone View

WALKER CUP MATCH AT SANDWICH

week watching G. Voight in action. On the first day, the foursomes gave America the lead of three to one, the R. H. Wethered and Cyril Tolley, who combined magnificently

In Our Next Number

IN next week's BYSTANDER will appear a special article by "Kim," whose finger is on the political pulse and who has an extensive knowledge of International politics. In it he has something striking and provocative to say about America, the Naval Treaty, and Mr. Lloyd George. It is, indeed, an article not to be missed.

Central Press

The Prince of Wales, who made a special journey by air to be present at the Walker Cup contest at Sandwich, chatting with H. R. Johnston who partnered F. Ouimet Sir Philip Sassoon, who accompanied him, is seen on the right of the group

OUR "CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

The Rover Saloon car which is the First Prize in our new Celebrities Disguised Competition (see page 390) is on view at the premises of Auto Distributors Ltd., 99, Baker Street, until Wednesday, May 28. From May 23 until June 3, it will be shown at Messrs. Mebes & Mebes' Ltd. of 144, Great Portland Street, after which date it can be seen at the showrooms of Messrs. Andrews' Motors, 50, Berkeley Street, these arrangements having been made by courtesy of Auto Distributors Ltd., the London Rover Distributors.

Although the competition has only FOUR MORE WEEKS to run

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO ENTER.

LAWN TENNIS

OUR CHANCES IN PARIS

By Phyllis Satterthwaite

THIS week one of the chief attractions in Paris will be the Hard Court Lawn Tennis Championships of France, generally regarded as a very special "dress rehearsal" of Wimbledon, and this year especially interesting from the fact of the presence of the Australian team, and also for the reappearance of Mrs. Helen Wills Moody (to give her her full title)—apparently playing better than ever since her marriage.

THERE should be plenty of Americans amongst the audience, for this year there is a very good chance of the States carrying off the women's doubles event, both in Paris and at Wimbledon, now that they have at long last got their two best women players—Mrs. Wills Moody and Miss Elizabeth Ryan—playing together.

"BILL" TILDEN and his small partner "Junior" Coen, too, have shown their skill on the Riviera by carrying off a long succession of doubles together, and their "teamwork" is so good, while Tilden is such a fine "general" that he can nearly always dominate the court in any important moment, that they may quite likely stage some very exciting victory over the famous French pairs, particularly as the "little man from Lyons," Henri Cochet, is not by any manner of means in full practice, while René Lacoste, who has been spending the spring on the golf course at St. Jean de Luz, can hardly be in very good form, even if he plays at all. Jean Borotra, however, is certain to be one of the "big noises" at the meeting. His is such an infectiously gay personality that he makes everything "go," whether it happens to be his business, a game of lawn tennis, or even a passing snatch of conversation.

Planet News

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, better known as Miss Helen Wills. She is said to be playing better than ever this year

Sport and General

Miss Joan Fry, one of our determined women players. She recently won the hard courts championship at Bournemouth

Central Press

Señorita de Alvarez, the graceful Spanish star. She has been getting in trim playing on the Riviera

Sport and General

Dr. J. C. Gregory, the Davis Cup player He is expected to go a long way in the Paris Championships singles, and with I. C. Collins should go near the final in the doubles

WE English folk should be able to take a considerable interest also in the meeting, as we shall have two good representative teams, consisting of the burly Dr. Gregory and his clever doubles partner, I. G. Collins, "Pat" Hughes, and H. G. N. Lee, of Kent (who is going to make lawn tennis history, I fancy, before many years are past). The ladies are represented by that very determined young player, Miss Joan Fry, who recently carried off triple honours in the hard-court championships of Great Britain, Miss E. Harvey, Miss Mudford, that fine base-liner Miss Watson, Mrs. Owen, and last, but not least, Miss Dorothy Round, the new "white hope" of this season.

MRS. FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL, whether she is in or out of the English team, is certain to give a very good account of herself in singles, while she could hardly do better than she has done in the way of partners for the double events, since she is playing with that brilliant performer, Señorita de Alvarez, in the women's doubles, and her old partner Henri Cochet in the mixed.

THE Señorita de Alvarez, judging from her play at Monte Carlo, should be a force to be reckoned with in the singles, while paired with Mrs. Whittingstall she is likely to stage a surprise in the doubles.

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Who is Chairman of the Committee for the Midnight Revue which she and Mr. C. B. Cochran are organising on behalf of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Personal Fund for the British Legion. This will be held on July 10 *at the London Pavilion and it is hoped that a large sum will, in consequence, be added to the funds*

AT THE PLAY

WHAT AMERICAN HEROINE

Madelaine Cary (Fay Compton) the heroine of this American drama, is often in tears, thanks to the unpleasant situations in which the authors have placed her. The cross she holds in her hand has something to do with the plot

"DISHONOURED LADY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE

"Dishonoured Lady," at the Playhouse

MARGARET AYER BARNES and Edward Sheldon, American dramatists, have in *Dishonoured Lady* told the story of a bad, bad woman. The name of the heroine, who is also the villainess, is Madelaine Cary, and when the story starts she and her old invalid father are living in luxury, thanks to the good offices of a Scotch-American millionaire, Robert Brennan, who is attached to Madelaine and gives her money, asking nothing in return. A really noble character, this.

MADELAINE is rather a promiscuous person, and her taste is not impeccable. Had it been she would never have fallen in love with Jose Moreno, "dancing scum" of night clubs, addicted to women, perfume, side whiskers and hair oil, whom she met in Paris. This Spanish-Indian dago, who has already made love to Madelaine in Europe, is delighted when, arriving in New York, she renews the acquaintance. Madelaine visits his rooms, stops the night, and, for some time, becomes his mistress.

LATER on she breaks away from the bounder and becomes engaged to the Marquess of Farnborough, a peer who belongs to the Labour Party, and, therefore, an almost unique specimen of English aristocracy. Hence, perhaps, his attraction. The announcement of this engagement, which causes the New York newspapers to break out into big type, is noted by Jose Moreno, who is very peeved. He calls at Madelaine's flat and enquires—in the language of the East End—"Wot abaht it?"

MADELAINE tells him all about it. She does not mince her words, and talks of "dance scum," etc., which I gratefully took from her own mouth in order previously to describe Mr. Moreno. Now he is not in the habit of being told the truth, or given the chuck, and so, after hitting his ex-mistress in the face—what a squire of dames!—he says he will tell her future husband of their relationship unless she comes to his rooms that night. Such is his power over her that off goes she!

BUT Madelaine has murder in her heart and poison in her pocket, thanks to her invalid father suffering from angina pectoris and taking strychnine as a stimulant. She bluffs Moreno into thinking she has repented, poisons his coffee, watches him while he suffers a disgusting death, and escapes in the early hours of the morning to her own home.

UNFORTUNATELY, the police get on her track, and a friend of hers, Richard Wadsworth, engaged in the case, in order to get at the truth, puts her "on the grill," where she has a very hot time. Her concocted story of where she spent the critical hours of that night is not one which gives an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative, and she is just about to be arrested when she

Very Cross Examination. Richard Wadsworth (Hartley Power) representing Authority asking awkward questions of Madelaine Cary (Fay Compton) and demanding to know, in the words of a once-popular song, "Who were you with last night?"

ARE COMING TO! By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Dishonoured Lady," at the Playhouse, by H. H. HARRIS

Subsidiary Characters. Rufus Cary (C. V. France), Madelaine's selfish papa, discusses a painful situation with Robert Brennan (Nigel Bruce), of Scotch descent, but extremely free with his money

produces an alibi, and says she spent those critical hours with her old friend and money-finder, the Scotch-American millionaire, Robert Brennan! Jolly for Robert, who is a grass widower!

EVEN though supported in this alibi Madelaine stands her trial and is none too triumphantly acquitted, for the jury take eighteen hours in making up their minds. Returning home after a sojourn in Sing-Sing, she finds her noble lover still faithful, and the curtain falls on what is known as the Great Renunciation Act, thus proving that though she is a gold-digger, a liar, as near a harlot as no matter, *and* a murderess, she yet remains a Stage Heroine.

ALTHOUGH the story, despite some obvious faults, is not a bad one, the thrills fall flat for the simple reason that the authors have not interested us in the characters. The whole boiling of them are such lay figures that I, for one, was supremely indifferent to their fate. Which goes to prove that a poor story in which well-drawn characters work out their own salvation is more theatrically effective than a plot into which characters are made to fit.

LET it be said, however, that the acting is worth seeing. It was almost a piece of "spoof" casting to secure Fay Compton to fill the rôle of the heroine, for who could associate her with cold-blooded murder? What the play would have been without her I tremble to think, for even though one could not believe a word of it, it was always interesting to watch so clever an actress investing by a hundred clever touches a long but thankless part.

I ENJOYED, too, the acting of Harold Huth as the dirty dago, even if it was difficult to believe that women would fall for him by the score. Nigel Bruce as the Scotch millionaire played with dry humour, Hartley Power acted up to his surname in the cross-examination scene, and C. V. France as the old father was as safe as he always is. Annette Benson as the discarded mistress of the dago played effectively, but George Curzon as the Marquess of Farnborough was a bad piece of casting. No actor alive could have made much of this part, but others could have invested it with greater charm.

V. W.

How a Dago shows his love! Jose Moreno (Harold Huth) giving an affectionate embrace to Madelaine Cary (Fay Compton), his ex-mistress. Coffee cups in the foreground, not indicated by the artist, have much to do with his ultimate decease

A MIXED BAG of OUTDOOR

Mr. Davis (left), Mr. S. W. Varndell, Joint Master, and Mrs. Varndell at a meet of the Crowhurst Otterhounds. It took place at Horsmonden, in Kent

News Illustrations

H. G. N. Lee (right) with N. Stolarow, of Poland, whom he beat in the recent Davis Cup contest. Played at Torquay, it resulted in an easy victory for Great Britain

I.B.

Alfieri

Putting down a terrier during a recent badger dig held at Creedy Park, Crediton, Devonshire, which was organised by Capt. Jocelyn Lucas, the son of Sir Edward Lucas. Lady Elisabeth Hare, the younger daughter of the Earl of Listowel, who was among the large crowd that attended, is seen on the extreme left

SPORT CAUGHT by the CAMERA

News Illustrations

Hounds working the banks of the river at the recent outing of the Crowhurst Otterhounds which met at Horsmonden. Mr. S. W. Varndell, who was joined by Mr. L. L. Bellamy in the Mastership in 1927, has hunted the Crowhurst since 1904

Central Press

"HARD-HITTING HELEN"

Otherwise Miss Helen Hicks, driving off first during the British Women's Open Golf Championship recently held at Formby, Lancs, where she beat Miss Doris Chambers, an English "hope"

L.N.A.

A YOUNG "STAR"

Miss Nancy Baird, the youngest competitor in the Women's Open Golf Championship at Formby last week. Miss Baird is the present holder of the Girl's Championship

Alfieri

IN DEVON WOODS

The field at the badger dig held at Creedy Park, Crediton, filing through the woods. Despite the wet weather, a very large number of people braved the rain to watch operations

STARS IN THE NIGHT

The twenty-four Mangan Tillerettes, who are great favourites with Paris audiences. They are appearing in a permanent ballet in the Francis A. Mangan productions at the Paramount Theatre, Paris

PRESENTS, PIPERS AND PLAYS

By Sylvia Lyon

THERE may be earthquakes in Persia, tornadoes in Texas, and volcanic eruptions in New Zealand, but Paris has something all its own: giboulées, which, I think, is something much too nice to call them. The prelude to giboulées is this: you go out on a warm and bright morning, and suddenly the temperature falls, your face drops, the sky turns a dark grey, melts, and falls in one concentrated spray upon your highly affronted hat. The heavily burdened chestnut trees with their thick white blossoms suddenly resemble waves, and you feel and look about as comfortable as you would be at Deauville in December.

BUT perhaps the weather has a right to be temperamental these days because of the many art exhibitions that are taking place, and maybe it is because of these annoyances, as well as the exotic theatrical manifestations, that induced President Doumergue, in company with hundreds of deputies, to go off to Algeria for the centennial of the French conquest. I am anxious to find out what he is going to do with the perfectly unmanageable horse that one of the sheiks or caids or deys gave him. Perhaps he will tie it up in the garden of the Elysées, where there is a beautiful lawn to chew on. This, I am sure, would please the girls who work in the American library across the street, who complained to me that because the President is a bachelor he doesn't give many parties, and it is rather boring for them to overlook day after day the President's back-yard quite empty.

TOKUJIRO TSUTSUI

The head of the thirty Japanese Players who are now playing at the Théâtre Pigalle, in Paris. They will later be seen in the West End, when they open a season at the Globe Theatre on June 23

THE Japanese Theatre at the Pigalle has not had a roaring success as far as filled houses are concerned. Paris seems to be rather puzzled over the sketches called "Lovers Worrying Over the Electric Light Bill," or things like that, and whatever idea the French have had about the impassivity of the Japanese nature has been completely upset by hearing the actors let out weird groans or the actresses sharp unexpected shrieks and then go dashing through paper windows for no determined reason. Perhaps the practical French consider this unwholesome extravagance. As I think of it, I have never seen a really riotous plate-smashing act in a French music-hall. And for all the fact that the artistic or merely curious world will rush to see an exhibition of paintings by an Eskimo or Igorrote, they shy at foreign invasion of the theatre, or complain bitterly about it. Which is very

(Continued on page 382)

WATTEAU CHARM AND—

John and Zelda Juan, who are scoring a big success with their dancing in the new revue at the Palace Theatre, in Paris. They are the only British artistes in the cast

—CLASSIC SEVERITY

Another striking study of the British dancers, John and Zelda Juan, who are playing in revue in Paris. Raquel Meller tops the bill in this show at the Palace Theatre

GLADYS FRAZIN

A camera study by Paul Tanqueray of this clever American actress, whose performance of a light-o'-love amongst criminals in Edgar Wallace's play, "On the Spot," at Wyndham's Theatre, is one of the features of the production

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 380)

THE FAR EAST COMES TO PARIS

inconsistent, as the French can paint (I do not speak of the vague creators of inanities now hanging at the Salon) while, with few exceptions, their theatre is nothing to boast about.

DURING the visit of the Japanese players, a tea was given in their honour at the Musée Guimet, the museum of Oriental art in the Place d'Ièna. They all had tea, and some of the actresses danced their little dances and sang their little songs, which is what most people think all Japanese do. And they wandered about, some of them looking at what I think is one of the most thrilling sights in Paris, the uncovered mummies of Thaïs and her monk Paphnuce.

BY NORMAN KAY

"Vague creators of inanities"

PLEASE believe me, the original Thaïs of Anatole France is right here in Paris. There is not much left of her, but you can see how beautiful she must have been, with her little dancer's feet encased in their still visibly brown and gold sandals, and her hair, brown (it was just turning grey when she died), partly covered by a rose and gold scarf.

PARIS is still talking about the spot of Oriental colour lent to the Tyrrell wedding by the costumes of the Gaekwar of Baroda and the daughter of the Maharajah of Kapurthala. This is the Maharanee of Kapurthala's first visit to Europe, and she is looking rather startled about it. Another echo of the wedding which may or may not be true is that during the reception Adrian Holman's pocket-book, heavily filled with bank-notes for the wedding journey, was stolen. Added note: The Comte Le Marois, who seems to be a most observing young man, asked me if I had noticed how the Scottish piper had fastidiously shaved his brawny legs. I said that I had not noticed, but would mention the fact to THE BYSTANDER for their men's beauty notes.

I HAVE at last seen a good French film, slightly "parlant" and slightly "sonore," "Sous les Toits de Paris." The colouring of the film is remarkable, very light and clear, and there is a most original shot, both in idea and exposition, at the very end of the picture, when the tall, tumbling roofs are seen from a car ascending the hill. The picture was made by René Clair, who is only twenty-six years old. The leading rôles are played by Albert Préjean, Gaston Modot and Pola Illery. The last-named is a young Roumanian who has never before played in pictures, and perhaps that is why her acting is so excellent. Her voice registers wonderfully, and when she says "Non" it is quelque chose. And there are several opportunities in "Sous les Toits de Paris" for her to say "Non."

JEAN CHARLES WORTH

The celebrated dress designer and one of the heads of Worth, of Paris, who has just been honoured by the French Government with the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour

MADAME SIMONE is the star in an otherwise indifferent cast, but the play is tremendous. Elisabeth lives in the Dordogne with her father and uncle. She is thirty-six, and her sole fiancé was killed in the War. Her cousin Gilbert, considered to be a business success in Paris, returns to his family in great financial difficulties. Elisabeth wants to marry him, and she has a dowry to cover his immense debts. At first he refuses, but when threatened with prison by Brodard, his creditor, he agrees. Elisabeth buys him on credit, which is the advice of Brodard. Gilbert loathes Elisabeth, who, in love with him, is not afraid to face his mistress, who appears on their wedding day. Gilbert becomes reconciled to his servitude, because he can use it to treat his wife cruelly. Her power over the man she has bought brings out all the shameful, furious twists of her nature. Her victory is not long. Brodard and Gilbert's mistress buy back his freedom. He leaves, and Elisabeth kills herself.

THE complexity of the two characters, he, the coward taking advantage of her love for him, and she, the amorous demon, is so strong that the other characters are eclipsed.

S. L.

"THE BYSTANDER" ROVER PRIZE CAR NOW ON VIEW

Abe Mitchell who played Leo Diegel, the American Professional Champion, at Rickmansworth last Saturday, with Miss Horsfield, of Verulam. They are standing by a car which is identical to the one we are giving as first prize for our "Celebrities Disguised" Competition, which is on view at the premises of the Auto Distributors, 99, Baker Street, until May 28

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

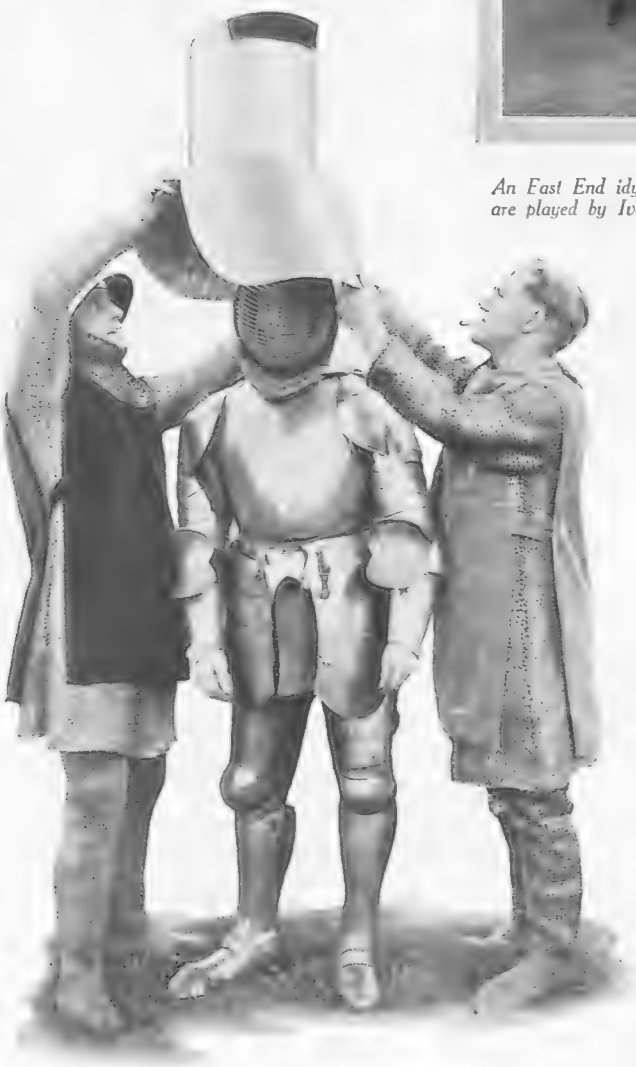
Musical announcement—"Just you and me, followed by 'Body and Soul'"

If - - - Gossip We - - - Must.

WITH a certain grim dissatisfaction do I observe that the stirrers up of trouble in India, from the egregious Mr. Ghandi downwards, have received their education in England. No one wants to cast aspersions on the thousands of perfectly loyal and worthy folk with dusky complexions who throng so many of our schools and colleges, but I am getting rather tired of these Indian University graduates, Girton girls, and the rest of them, who come to England to suck what mental advantage they can out of her and then use that knowledge to stab her in the back at the first opportunity. They take to Communism as a duck to water, though it is strange that England's Communist daily paper, which we allow Russia to subsidise, seems to have no use for Ghandi.

Stage Photo Co.

An East End idyll as shown in "Down Our Street," at the Vaudeville Theatre. The young lovers are played by Ivan Brandt and Maisie Darrell, while the Italian proprietor is Stanley Vilven in a comedy which is as true to life as it is amusing



Central Press

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD"

Members of the 17th/21st Lancers who will take part in the old-time jousting, which will be one of the features of the forthcoming Royal Tournament at Olympia The "tin hat" with which the central figure is being fitted is slightly more cumbersome than its modern prototype

THE *Daily Herald*, as usual, sits on the fence, though it issues an attack on Lord Brentford for his Imperialist ideas, written by one Laski, whose knowledge of his subject seems extremely thin. India appears to be the main point of controversy. "We knew, of course," runs the article, "that without an effort he ["Jix"] had brought himself to believe that we were in India by the providence of God." "Jix," who is not a bit of a humbug, has brought himself to believe nothing of the sort. This is what he said in 1928: "We conquered India by the sword and we hold it by

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

No. 3—THE PRESS REPRESENTATIVE

"THE play's the thing," Will Shakespeare says,
Although we find that nowadays
(Thanks to Press Representatives)
Bright little pars about the lives
Of leading actors in a play
Are all that really count to-day,
And even if we get too much
Of what they call the "human touch"
We must admit it's right enough
That those who've "jam" should get the "puff"!

That's why he hymns their private lives
Their latest cars, their latest wives,
And sends round photos to the Press
Of "Miss Y.Z. in summer dress."
And when things seem too slack, will hunt
His fevered brain for some new stunt
To gain some fresh publicity—
Provided that it's given free,
Unless you count a stall or so
For some not too-successful show.

Of course we are not justified
The noble fellow to deride
Or whisper that the Stage should be
Purged of all cheap publicity,
Although I really must confess
His methods sometimes cause distress
But that's not to be wondered at,
For you should always realise that
(I trust by this he's not affronted)
Through stunts his outlook oft gets stunted!

B. W.

the sword. We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general and Lancashire goods in particular." This does not look much like humbug, does it?

That the arrangement suits India is proved by the fact that its population has risen, reforms innumerable have been established, and rival races have been prevented from flying at each other's throats. But I can hardly expect Mr. Laski to hold such views or to share the dislike of Lord Brentford for Leninism and other Russian products.

SOME of the dark-skinned students at our schools and universities lapse into barbarism again. These are the harmless ones. Which reminds me of an apocryphal yarn which has its point and is not unamusing. Balliol College, Oxford, had, and may still have, the reputation for harbouring a large number of coloured undergraduates. It happened (so it is said) that a missionary, a Balliol man, was captured by cannibals and was about to be boiled. As a last request he asked to be allowed to don for the ceremony his college blazer. The cannibal king stepped forward and said, "Sir, your life is saved. I was at Balliol!"

A FAIR amount of nonsense has been written on the question of fagging at Public Schools, which the tragic suicide of a poor youth at Sedbergh has brought into the limelight again. Even if that boy, whose parents are deserving of every sympathy, killed himself because he dreaded fagging—which is not clear—this would not prove that fagging is in itself a bad thing.

By David Wilson

"To draw chimbleys as straight as them must take a mortal steady 'and"
"Aye. 'Tis a miracle to me, specially seein' the lives they say them artists live!"

One cannot judge a system by one individual case; boys who are so exceptionally constituted that they do not fit in with school life at all can always be found, though they are few. That is no argument for abolishing schools. The opposition to fagging comes, I find, either from those who have never been to a Public School, don't understand the real meaning of fagging, and have some vague notion that it is synonymous with bullying; or from certain representatives of the modern generation who, swayed by the molly-coddlism that is sweeping the world, think it wrong that one boy should perform menial tasks for another.

Behind this last notion there is, of course, Socialism. "Jack's as good as his master. A small boy's as good as a senior boy, and has his 'rights,' which must be respected. . . ." And all the rest of the half-witted rigmarole.

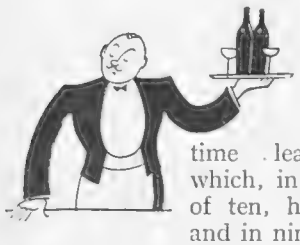
IT doesn't do a small boy any harm to learn what menial service means, particularly (as is likely) if he is to have such services done for him in after life. It knocks the bumptiousness out of him. Another good point in the system is that the bigger boy has a sense of responsibility, and often protects and assists his fag in a number of ways. There are those, I know, who scent evil in this. I am sorry for their minds.

FAITHFUL to the policy of bribing the electorate, the Socialist Government looks like saddling us with at least another £8,000,000 by raising the school age to fifteen and compensating in cash those parents who might think that their boy

Stage Photo Co.

"The Silent Witness," at the Comedy Theatre. When a woman, with whom a youth is desperately in love, suddenly produces a husband, such turpitude is likely to be punished. Here we see the "throttling act" in this thriller, with Robert Harris and Margery Binner as the throttler and "throttlee"

BUSMEN'S HOLIDAYS AND THOSE WHO TAKE THEM



might be earning money if he were not spending his time learning lessons which, in nine cases out of ten, he doesn't like, and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he will never need.

Wonderful, isn't it? On one side there are the people (whose votes are comparatively few) who have to scheme and stint (for most of them are not rich people) to *pay* for their children's education. On the other side are those (whose votes are very many) whose children are educated for nothing and who are *paid* while their children are educated for nothing. The former pay taxes. The latter do not. Such is Socialism.

To find a lunch-dinner-and-dance club that is run as a club, entrance to it not being a mere formality, is something of a rarity. "Toby's," which has opened just off Bruton Street, with the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Lord Feilding, the Hon. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hay as members of the committee, is being conducted on these lines. First-rate food can be obtained at prices on a level with the all-male clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, and it is possible for a man and his wife, or a man (or somebody else's wife), or a man with someone whom he wants to make his wife (or possibly doesn't), to look in there after a theatre for a bite of food, a drink, and a dance without cutting a big hole in a fiver.

By Bevis

"And dis is solid mahogany. Really, it is vorth de extra ten shillings. It vill make anything look beautiful"

At the inaugural dinner and supper party there was a cabaret—short, but quite amusing—and visitors in the course of the first few nights included Lord Acton, Lord Lincoln (who is, by the way, a good saxophonist), Lady Hawtrey (who is as indefatigable as ever after some months in the South of France), Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, the Hon. Richard Norton, Sir Ellis Griffiths, Miss Betty Somerset, and Mr. Dudgeon, who found the food so good that I am glad to say he did not leave the club in a high one.

PEGGY ASHCROFT Raphael

The clever young actress, is playing opposite Paul Robeson, who takes the title rôle in Maurice Browne's production of "Othello" at the Savoy Theatre In private life she is the wife of Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, brother of Mrs. Ronald Balfour

Olive and Isabel Ray

GLADYS LOCK

Who sang at the recent concert in aid of the Warehousemen, Clerks' and Drapers' Schools, recently held at the Grotrian Hall Assisted by Mr. Percival Garratt, solo pianist, the performance was a great success

Some of our players show plenty of energy. The other day I found Peggy Wood at Covent Garden, for the first act of *Parsifal*, at 5.30. She had spent the first part of the afternoon at the Old Vic, watching *Macbeth*, and had just time to snatch a mouthful of food before playing the lead in *Bitter Sweet* that night. The rest of the day she had to herself. Edmund Gwenn is a regular attendant at Wagnerian first acts before appearing in somewhat lighter fare at the Piccadilly Theatre. Mimi Crawford thinks nothing of sandwiching a couple of hours of *Siegfried* or *Gotterdammerung* between a matinée and an evening dose of Co-optimism.

Some people dine at the Opera—not in the buffet, but in the actual auditorium. The other night certain occupants of the stalls were amazed to see a man open a small attaché case and take therefrom some sandwiches, a couple of bananas and a

ODDITIES AT THE OPERA

flask, with which he busied himself by the light of an electric torch. The management would undoubtedly have protested had they caught him at it. Yet if one is allowed to eat sweets in the stalls, can the authorities boggle at sandwiches? And if sandwiches, why not a plate of meat? It is difficult to know where to draw the line.

I REMEMBER one warm night at Covent Garden last year a man in a box—sober and in what Mr. Arnold Bennett would call "immaculate evening dress"—suddenly took his coat off. A member of the managerial staff approached him tactfully, but it was only after about twenty minutes of persuasion that he could be induced to put his coat on again.

SOME little comment, by the way, was caused at the Opera last week by (i) an elderly gentleman with white whiskers and a suit of bright purple, and (ii) a not so elderly gentleman to whom Nature had given the blackest of faces. The first caused some mild amusement in the interval. The latter—well, I would like to gather the honest impressions of a "cullahed gen'l'man" on the doings of Massa Siegfried and Ole Man Wotan (who jest keeps singin' along).

PEGGY BEATY *Mabel Rohey*

The principal dancer in the "Bitter Sweet Ballet" at the Trocadero, in the charming costume that she wears when appearing in C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue. It is of cyclamen-coloured georgette with a picture hat to match

AN old Scotch doctor lay dying in his native Aberdeen. So incredibly old was he that two of his Scotch friends were having a bet about his age, one declaring that he was well over ninety and the other that he was not more than eighty-eight. The argument grew heated, for each was so certain that the other was wrong that neither would budge an inch. They could not worry their poor friend on the point, so they decided to wait until the point could be settled. "We shall know for certain at the funeral," they said. So to the funeral they went. On the coffin was a brass plate bearing the words: "Dr. Hector Macpherson. Hours 10-6."

MICHEL

"Discovered" by Noel Coward in Boston, has made a big name for himself as The Dancing Xylophonist in C. B. Cochran's new song and dance show, "The Prosperity Party," at the Trocadero. He is also a cousin of President Hoover

By JACK GREENALL

ISABELLE: "You didn't tell him straight out that you loved him?"
RACHEL: "Goodness no! He had to squeeze it out of me"

FILM NOTES

A Vagabond King and a Texan Don Juan

By Lionel Collier

Another charmer in "Under a Texas Moon!" Miss Myrna Loy looks ready for adventures down Texas way in this new Warner Bros. picture now at the Alhambra

LIKE most films it is not the obvious that strikes one most in "The Vagabond King." One would have thought that Dennis King would have been the focal point of the screen version of the popular musical comedy which is now on at the Carlton. As a matter of fact, while this English lead is extremely good, especially when he has to be romantic, it is the acting of O. P. Heggie as Louis XI which dominates the picture.

It is obviously quite unnecessary to go into the story which forms the basis of this excellent musical play. Justin Huntly M'Carthy's *If I Were King* has been used in various guises, and this is just another variation of it.

O. P. HEGGIE'S characterisation of Louis is one of those performances which remain in the memory. It is subtle and entirely natural. This accomplished Australian artist acts with his hands as much as he does with his facial expression. Every movement is fraught with meaning, and when he is on the screen one has little attention for anything else; not even the clever production work of Ludwig Berger, who is responsible for the excellent direction that is everywhere apparent.

Ludwig Berger is known to most of us as the creator of that perfect fantasy, "Cinderella," which has never had

The man who awakens the King every morning. Flight Major Forsyth, late Scots Guards, with the State Trumpeters as they appear in the British Instructional film, "One Family." Many of the scenes in this remarkable picture, which will be shown in London shortly, have been taken in Buckingham Palace

IN THE KING'S KITCHEN!

M. Cedard, the Royal Chef, is interviewed in a scene in "One Family," a British Instructional picture to be seen in London shortly. Luncheon was actually being prepared when this photograph was taken

the attention paid to it that it really deserved.

In his work here, much of the imaginative direction which was so apparent there is included. Especially is this noticeable in the scene where the King of the Vagabonds, Villon, wakes up in his royal apartments, having been transported thither by the whim of the King.

This scene is perhaps one of the most delightful in the picture.

S

His other tour de force is the battle scenes where Villon with his army of beggars routs the Duke of Burgundy who is clamouring at the gates of Paris. He uses in these sequences what is known amongst the intelligentsia as "Russian" cutting—that is, the transposition of small portions of film into a kaleidoscopic whole, which suggests the atmosphere and still holds the dominant note it is intended to express.

S

The picture has some remarkably fine mediæval settings, restrained and notably pictorial in effect. The popular "Song of the Beggars" is excellently put over, but still there is something lacking. It does not, in fact, produce the complete satisfaction that was so notable a feature of the stage play. It is difficult to lay one's finger on the fault. Perhaps it is that there is generally a sense of the artificial, because Berger has put his fantasy into the wrong medium.

But more obvious than all this is the weakness of Jeanette MacDonald as Katherine, the King's niece, who succumbs to the romanticism and dash of our attractive Villon.

She literally does not seem to know what to do with herself, and in some part we must blame the producer for this. The rôle is an important one, and means so much to the success of the whole that a weakness here is rather a serious matter.

S

She is acted off the screen by Lillian Roth, as Huguette, a woman of the town, who plays extremely well, and we may expect to see her shortly in more important parts. Her death scene is perhaps the most moving and natural sequence in the film.

Lawford Davidson, an English actor, is very good as Tristan, the King's aide-de-camp, but Warner Oland seems rather lost as the Marshal of France; he seems incapable of forgetting that he excels in rôles of Chinese villains. The whole picture is in some of the best colour I have seen, and at several moments one feels that one is looking at an extremely well-composed oil-painting.

S

Quite one of the best pictures I have seen since the talkies rent the silence with too many uncouth noises is "Under a Texas Moon." It is a romance set on the Californian-Mexican border with most of the action taking place out of doors. It is *not* a screen musical comedy, although some songs are included. For this we may thank the gods that be. As a matter of fact, Michael Curtiz, the Hungarian producer, has directed it in a vein of satire. It is thus one of the few satires we have had on the screen.

S

In this most entertaining feature we are introduced to a Mexican bravado brilliantly played by Frank Fay, who is paid to restore rustled cattle and also the thief to some ranchers. He returns the cattle, discloses the fact that he is the thief, holds up the whole outfit, and runs off with an attractive wench whose father had tried to poison him.

The action of the picture is taken up with the amorous adventures of the bravado. He makes love—and I envy him his opportunities—to Armida, Raquel Torres, Mona Mariss, and Myrna Loy, the latter being his final choice. Not only are these artists extremely attractive, but they enter into the light-hearted spirit of the piece.

It is definitely a satire on the romantic hero so beloved of the screen. But it holds the interest as a story, and the ending comes as a surprise.

S

Frank Fay will be remembered as one of the few bright spots in "The Show of Shows," in which he played the compère, and also sang a song which some of the more particular critics considered should have been banned. It concerned the question of indifferent breath and one's best friend.

Here he is absolutely irrepressible, has high spirits and braggadocio, and the way he laughs at himself is irresistible.

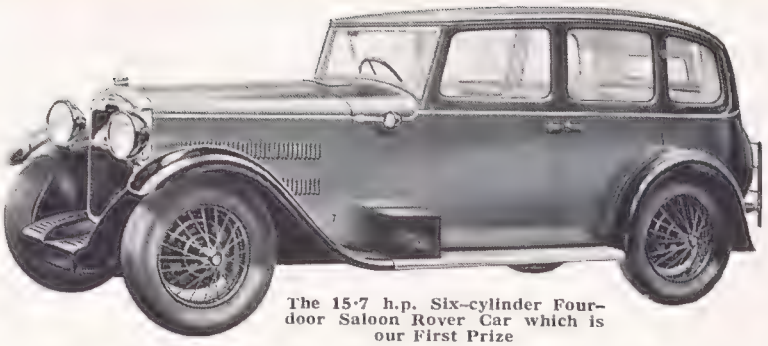
L. C.

Armida, looking very bewitching, with Frank Fay in a scene from "Under A Texas Moon," Warner Bros. latest all colour talkie now at the Alhambra

A WOMAN OF THE UNDERWORLD!

Miss Lillian Roth, as Huguette, makes a great hit in "The Vagabond King," now at the Carlton

No. 45
A FAMOUS PAINTER



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CELEBRITIES DISGUISED

No. 8

"THE BYSTANDER" SIMPLE COMPETITION FOR BIG PRIZES.

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FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover ii. There is no entrance fee and the rules are of the simplest.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week.

No. 46
SEEN ON THE SCREEN

No. 49.—A STATESMAN OF RENOWN

No. 47.— A FRENCH LAWN TENNIS STAR

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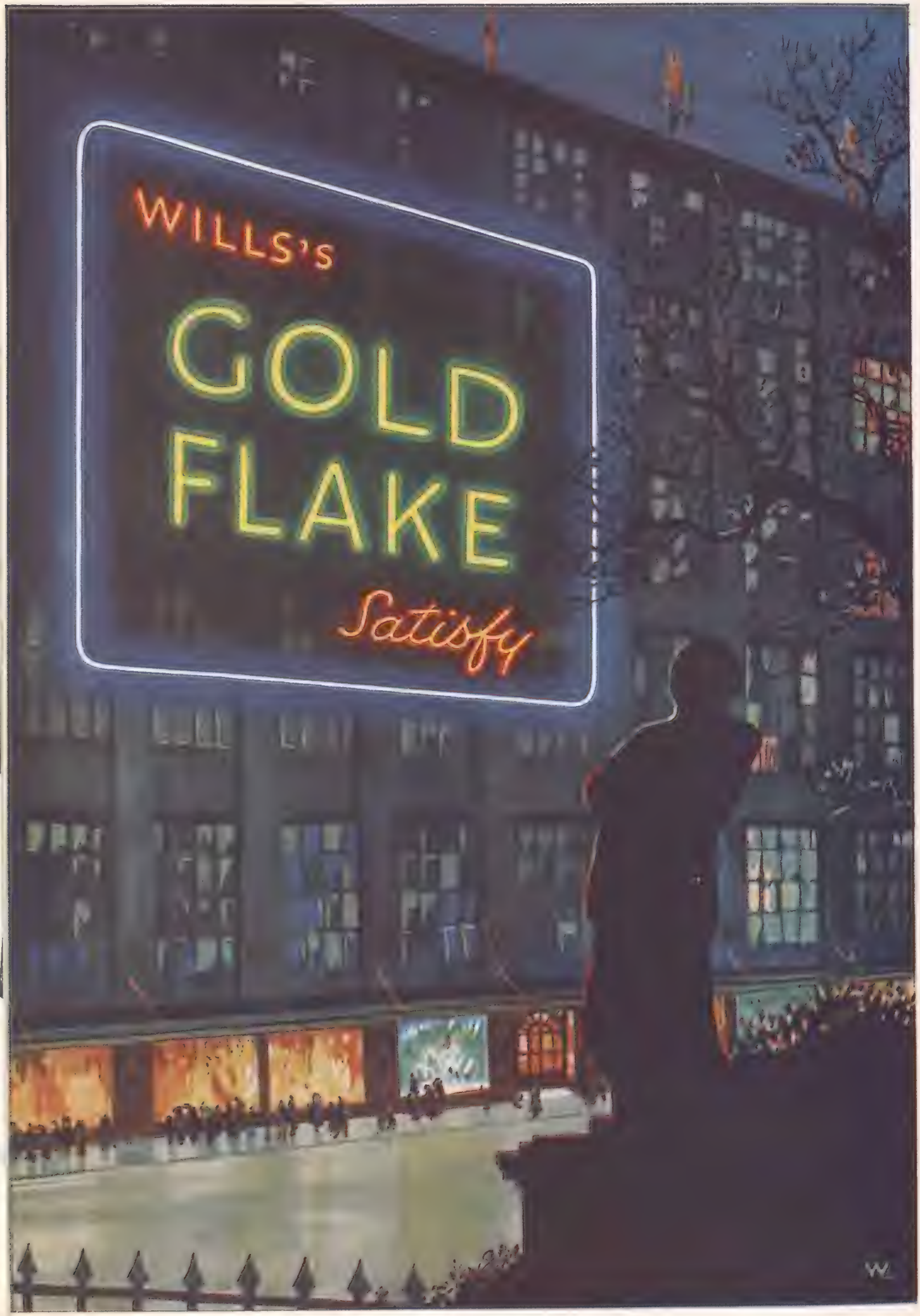
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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

DANCING CHERRY BLOSSOM

Illustrated by R. WENBAN

"Cherry flung the pink garment across to him"

By URSULA BLOOM

CHERRY took down the kimono and looked at it disparagingly. It was really very soiled. In her earlier days, when she had been a little chorus girl on the road, she might not have noticed, but now she had grown fastidious. It was a gay kimono, a vivid cherry-red silk, splashed merrily with dancing cherry blossoms. Above the heart was embroidered her name "Cherry" in letters of gold.

"Such an odd name," her husband had said when they were newly married. Cherry had done well for herself; it was obvious that she would never want, because Clive was rich, and there was a stray title in the family to come along one day.

She had nodded. "An idea of my mother's."

"Your mother must have had imagination."

"She wove stories about people. She said that cherry blossom always danced. Darling mother, she was a great lady."

And Cherry had sighed. In truth, Mother had been a little washerwoman in Somerset, only Cherry, having grown beyond that state, had never dared admit it. It was quite true that her mother had always woven stories round those for whom she washed. Old Mr. Simmonds's pink flannel nightshirt; how her mother had laughed as she said that it reminded her of a sugar-stick! One day, she declared, some little boy would lick it from her line. Old Grannie Gubbs's tippet shawls, funny three-cornered affairs. One day, said Mother, the green lady of Spring would steal them to wrap the snowdrops in. Looking back, Cherry thought that her mother must have had some imagination. Not much, of course, because had she possessed much she would have been something more than a mere washerwoman. She might have inherited it from a poet father who had never hallowed his village romance with a wedding ring. She had been content in a thatched cottage in Somerset, with the sun splashing its white walls yellowly, and Charlie, the big brother, who had gone away to Australia to be a policeman . . . such a terrible thing to be . . . Cherry never dared to think of Charlie in her new glory.

"Let's tell Hortense to send the kimono along to the cleaner's," suggested Clive.

"The cleaners will keep it so long. Besides, Hortense is sick, and when a maid is sick she is so damned sick. She can do nothing at all."

"I'll ask the hotel manager where to send it."

Cherry flung the gay pink garment across the room to him. Then she perched on the bed. "If I don't rest I shall never dance to-night," she said. "Shove the thing on to someone, a cleaner or a laundry, or someone. I can't be disturbed. I must get inspiration."

CHERRY had come to the city to add the final gilding to her already glittering name. She was doing a three weeks' season here; the effort was great, and she must concentrate on it. It was urgent that she should dance her best. She curled herself up under the heavily ruched satin eiderdown. Cherry, with her brass-gold head, and her pale

(All rights strictly reserved)

triangle of a face rather like the blossoms after which she had been named. Her mouth an arrow of scarlet, her eyes wide pools, yet calculating pools for all that.

Cherry had been the despair of the National schools that she had attended in Somerset. She had dreamt of nothing but dancing; she had danced lightly all the way like thistledown on a common, like brown butterflies against yellow gorse. Her mother had laughed. She had said that it was the fault of the name, for cherry blossom always danced. Watch them shiver in the wind, fluttering along a black twig, white and pearl cherry blossoms like Spring snow. . .

Charlie had gone to Australia. He was a hard-working boy, and he said that he would send for Mother and make her rich. Mother had chuckled gaily to herself, little and round with a russet apple of a face and hair growing sparse. Mother, who washed and wove fairy-stories about those for whom she washed.

Cherry had run away. Villages smother talent; there had been no chance there, none at all. Only once had she danced in public, that was when the rector's wife had suggested a hornpipe in a sailor cap at the Easter concert. That was the nearest that she had come to fame, for the village could offer no larger scope; and what is a hornpipe to the grim accompaniment of the rector's wife on the American organ when you have the soul of a Pavlova?

She had joined a show travelling from town to town. One foot on the rung of the ladder of success, chance had aided her, and she had danced her way up to the giddy heights. From time to time she had sent money home, but she had never gone back to Somerset. It is easy when you have been born great to stoop, but when you are stooping again to the mud from whence you have sprung it is not so simple. Cherry went on a world's tour, and when she came back famous her letters home were returned, marked "Gone away." She should have been regretful, but that could not be, because she had married Clive.

THEY had met in Tokio, the city of the pagoda and the rickshaw drawn swiftly by blue-garbed men running on padded feet.

"Of course you have been here before?" he had asked.

"Of course . . . once as a child. . . ."

In fantasy she had been there. She had suggested that perhaps it was from the brave fluttering cherry trees that her mother had chosen her name. Clive had gathered that her people had travelled; he had a vague idea that they were retired Army, and because he was the best Eton-cum-Balliol brand he approved. Coming home she found that her mother had gone, probably to Charlie. Well, Australia was a long way away, and perhaps it was better so.

Cherry was not a bad girl at heart, and sometimes she regretted that she could not feel differently about it. But you cannot fan to life a spurious sentiment.

She slept under the big blue satin eiderdown and woke as Clive came in. . . . "Well?" she demanded.

"The manager told me of a woman who washed. I took the car and gave the laundry to her; she lives in a cottage outside the town. Rum old thing, queer, but she fascinated me."

Cherry felt something tugging at her heart-strings. She sat up in bed. "Tell me more."

"A most odd old thing. Makes up stories about the people that she washes for, fairy stories. She's got imagination and a brain all right. . . . Rum. . . ."

"Very rum," said Cherry. "Where does she live?"

Clive sprawled on a sofa before the hotel fire. "She lives in a cottage hitched on to another right in the country. A little brown apple of a woman, and the neighbour next door is a lamppost of a labourer's wife. The old girl has a son who is a policeman in Australia; she's frightfully proud of him."

"Yes," said Cherry sickly. She was thinking . . . on the night of my big début, too, just when it is imperative I should not have a brain storm. . . .

"Five years ago the son sent her the passage money to go out to him, and she's got it stuck in a brown teapot. Says one of these days perhaps she'll go. I told her that I had been and that it was a fine country, but that didn't interest her. The only thing she wanted to go for was to see what she called the yellow pom-poms on the trees. She said 'All dressed up like girls going to a wedding . . . wattle, isn't it?' Fancy an old girl thinking of wattle!"

"Fancy!" But it was exactly what she would have thought of!

"She gave me a cup of tea."

"Clive, fancy you having tea with a washerwoman!"

"I rather liked it. She said that I possibly did not know that a washerwoman only sees the world through the clothes that she washes. That is how she came to make up her stories. She dived into a great basket and held up a handkie, said that it belonged to a bride, and that a hundred tears of happiness had been spilled into it. Have you ever heard of a washerwoman talking like that before?"

"Yes," said Cherry, with bitter truth. "And I don't call it very interesting."

"Sorry, old girl."

"I've got to face to-night. Nobody ever thinks of my work."

CLIVE effaced himself obediently. As she dressed at the theatre Cherry wondered if she could send a cheque. Then she knew that she couldn't. You can't send money to atone for something greater that you should have given. You can't buy yourself off affection. Life isn't made that way. Dolly, the understudy, was waiting. Cherry hated Dolly, but veiled it with an almost sarcastic affection. Dolly was the daughter of a mill-hand; she had little talent, but great persistence. She had also a Lordling in tow. The Lordling knew about the mill-hand and did not care, which Cherry remembered now with some bitterness.

"You will have to take me as you find me," Dolly had told the Lordling. "I'm common clay, but I don't smash as easily as porcelain."

The Lordling had accepted the position.

Had her mother discovered? As Cherry passed on to the great stage she was wondering about it. She heard the audience growing tense, and she galvanised all her being and slid forth in her fluttering white-petalled loveliness before the glaring lights. She danced superbly.

When it was all over and they were congratulating her in her flower-crammed dressing-room she felt the emptiness of it. How hard that she could not enjoy the triumph for which she had slaved! How hard that suddenly it sounded hollow, and all because of a cherry kimono that had had to be washed!

She ought never to have deceived Clive. It would have been so easy to have told him when they were in love; not so easy now when perhaps he had grown a little tired of her. They had been married three years. Three years is a long time.

All the way back to the hotel, curled into the corner of the limousine, purring through the kindly darkness, she feigned great weariness. Clive held her hand, as he always did when she was tired, and she kept saying to herself, "I wonder what he would do if he knew. I wonder if Mother has found out that I'm me. . . I wonder. . . ."

Mother had found out. After Clive had gone the old lady had put away the tea-things and taken the kimono in her hands. She had woven a story round it. Cherry and vivid, ashamed of age and of poverty, a dancy thing that is always young. Then as she passed it into the great round tub of soapy water, she saw the name embroidered over the heart. Cherry written in letters of gold!

She knew, of course, instantly.

She knew, and, because she was a wise little woman, she guessed what had happened to Cherry. Then the fine gentleman had been her husband. No wonder that the girl did not want to come to the cottage, no wonder that she had not written. The old lady wondered if Cherry ever guessed that her mother had left Somerset on purpose, so as to make it easier. The dancing cherry blossoms could not be tied down by narrow restrictions. It was their right to dance through life, fluttering along the dark twigs, white and pearl cherry blossoms like Spring snow. . . .

SHE washed the cherry kimono just as she had once washed the Vicar's white cope, a sacred thing—a thing that you touched with reverence. Perhaps this was holier, for it was symbolical of love, her wise and lovely mother love, and the poor little quality that Cherry called love.

She set it away to dry and went to the mantelshelf, taking down the ornamental biscuit tin that the grocer had given her last winter. She had kept it because there was a

picture of Buckingham Palace on one side, of Melbourne on another, of Delhi on the third, and a nice motto on the fourth, referring to the Empire as a glorious whole. From its depths she extracted Charlie's last letter. Charlie, who was a policeman in Australia, He had never married because he didn't like "them Colonials," Why did not she give up slaving and come out to him? What was she doing of?

She shook her wise old head. "It's such a long way," she said, as she stroked the brown teapot.

Then she remembered the yellow pom-poms on the bright trees, and the cockatoos swinging in the branches with their sulphur crests and their strong white wings. Her eyes grew brilliant with imagination. "Sort of a fairy country," she said huskily.

ALL night long in the hotel bed Cherry tossed to and fro. It was so useless trying to sleep, yet so urgent that she should rest after her triumph. It was just the same the next day, and the day after was even worse, for Clive had gone to fetch the kimono and had come home full of stories about the old lady. A week of torture passed for Cherry until she made up her mind. She sat down at a figured walnut bureau and she wrote with a big blue quill pen that scratched along the paper. It was ornate paper, mauvely blue, and across the corner in silver the one word "Cherry." One of the pretty, but perhaps rather vulgar, vanities that she afforded.

Cherry wrote and explained. She wanted to see her mother, and she was sure that Clive would be nice about it when she had screwed up her courage to explain. She suggested that perhaps it would be better if she came to the cottage and they talked it out. She had a matinée next day, and she had to go to London the one after, but she would come the one after that.

"She washed the cherry kimono as she had once washed the Vicar's white cope, a sacred thing—a thing you touched with reverence"

Then on the third day Cherry caught cold, and Dolly had to do the part for her. Dolly danced with less inspiration but with a certain rapturous abandon. She had little real talent, but persistence tells. In the wings the Lordling watched, his eyes glamorous with love. He received her into his arms after the curtain.

"Marvellous!" lisped the Lordling. "I'm the luckiest chappie in the world!"

But the house did not call Dolly before the curtain. They appreciated inspiration and talent more than rapturous abandon, and they were disgusted at being put off with Dolly when they had come to see Cherry. They were disparaging.

"A lot of filthy provincial cads!" said the Lordling, his affection stirred to madness. "Tell you what, we'll get married at once. We'll show somebody appreciates you."

"In my clogs and shawl," said Dolly.

"You'd look heavenly in anything," said the Lordling, who had got it badly.

Cherry read the morning's Press notices greedily, revelling in their scant appreciation of Dolly. "The girl is a clod-hopper," said she, as she sat up in bed. "Fancy anyone thinking she can dance. She is like a lump of lead. She sags."

Trying to be comforting, Clive suggested, "It's all very well, but that class never can dance. She comes of clod-hopping parents."

"She'll never bring that peer of hers to the scratch."

"Of course she won't."

Cherry flung down the papers and stared at Clive contemptuously from under her boudoir cap. "Supposing I had come of clod-hopping parents, would you have hated me?" she challenged.

"I should have been disappointed," said Clive, who unfortunately was a truthful man. "Family prestige and all that sort of thing."

THAT night the evening paper inquired if it were true that Dolly was to be a peeress, which enraged Cherry again. Clive's title was a long time materialising; some people have no idea of time and place, they just won't die. Next day the papers stated that Dolly had brought her Lordling to the scratch, mill-hand or no mill-hand.

"Damn!" said Cherry. "A coarse little beast like that, and me merely a Mrs."

"I don't see why it worries you," commented Clive.

"And that idiot of a man knows . . ." wailed Cherry. "I don't understand it."

"Well, don't bother about it."

"Don't be a fool!" gasped Cherry, and had hysterics.

She recovered four days later. The paper said that she showed signs of her recent illness, that she was stiff and had not the same elasticity. Cherry tore the paper into rags and flung it out of the window in a rage.

(Continued on page 405)

THE APACHE DANCE

By George Whitelaw

A delightful etching by George Whitelaw showing the whirlwind antics of apache dancing. The expression of the dancers and the spirit of energy have here been perfectly captured by the artist. This etching is now on view at the Grafton Galleries in the exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters

MAY'S MODES AND MOODS IN PARIS

By Blanche B. Elliott

IF it's "Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" Paris is certainly the spot to be in when May is here. There is such an aliveness about everything! The marroniers in the Champs Elysées shed their bridal petals over you in such gay profusion; the shop windows are full of such alluring hats and glorious gadgets that simply witch the wily franc out of your pocket; and everything goes with a quicker gait than in staid old London town.

STILL, honesty compels me to mention that at the moment of writing the temperature has dropped, an icy wind is blowing, and Parisiennes are muffled up in their winter coats and furs. It is only when they slip them off in smart restaurants and hotels that one gets glimpses of the dainty frocks beneath.

The braces effect to the low-backed evening gown holding up the higher décolletage in front is greatly in vogue
Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

An engaging summer hat of marron-coloured Bangkok straw with wide brim cut away to a point at the back and outlined with an edge of tulle with matching hatband *Model Marcelle Lelong*

THE mid-season collections are being shown and special new models are being produced for the élégantes who, back from the South, are doing their shopping now. Most of the foreign buyers have shot their bolt and retired to their various countries. Let me say at once (and I have said it so often before) that the bogy of the long daytime skirt is chiefly in the brain of the London fashion writers, who certainly cannot have seen Paris collections, and feeling they must scream sensationally over something, are left on their top note long after Fashion's orchestra has ceased to play. The newest models are demurely just half-way to the calf for day wear and longer in the afternoon and evening, the favoured length for the latter being well *off* the ground. If London wishes to insist on the very long skirts—on her own head be it!

TRAINS are seen but rarely. For the robe de style, as illustrated by Lanvin, they are gracious and dignified, and sometimes a chiffon frock has an elusive trail at the heel one might call a train, but, on the whole, the frocks for the evening in the mid-season showings are well off the ground or are of instep length. Thus has modern woman decided what is most acceptable to her needs.

PROBABLY there are few amongst us who do not possess a printed chiffon frock, as it is certainly the most useful and becoming of materials, and lends itself so admirably to the mode of the moment. Also it is as useful for the afternoon garden party as it is for the evening, and it has such engaging little wraps to accompany it that add to its charm. Little separate capes of the same material are bordered with fur or have a sable single-skin collar; or there is a simple little hip-length coat—one Patou showed most attractively lined with velvet of a darker tone—then there are the hip-length or long velours coats in a deep shade which picks out the key colour in the print. Backs are as décolleté as ever, and show strappings, and swathed cowl-like draperies. Thus a coat is called for, and our artist has illustrated a new back and a short evening coatee.

PATOU shows a great many hip-length coats to accompany sleeveless frocks in shantung or crêpe de Chine for seaside wear. He uses touches of scarlet with white, also pale green and pale blue with white. He adds a coloured buckle and necklace to match with the white frock, and shows smooth and shiny white straws to go with them, also touched with the same contrasting colours.

A characteristic robe de style from Lanvin in an exquisite shade of faded green brochè printed in an old-world tapestry pattern. The skirt has a folded peplum flounce and falls to a train. Model Lanvin

THE swathed beret, whether in straw or light open tweed, is what every woman is wearing, while the wide brim will be adopted the moment the sun comes out. Incidentally, the wide brims are being cut away at the nape of the neck to a point, as in the model illustrated, which immediately makes them more *commode* to wear and does away with the unceasing conflict between the back of one's collar and the brim of one's hat. Small draped hats have a *moulded* look about them as they frame the face. Some smart women are wearing them so far back that the peak of the hair in the centre of the forehead shows (if you *have* a peak to show, that is). To cover the hard line a half veil of gossamer fineness is sometimes worn.

IN fact, half veils are worn quite a good deal and give a dressy look and a touch of mystery the hint of a mask conveys, but there is always the danger that they may become too common. Suzanne Talbot has done a charming model of fine narrow shiny black straw worked on tulle foundation, which curves round the forehead and widens on the sides, and has a little tulle nose veil bordered with chenille dots. Bangkok and baku are straws one will see a good deal of in the summer, and wide hats of shiny paillasson. Molyneux does a delightful one of the latter and plaits it with strips of felt on the brim, wrapping a hat band of felt on the crown. Crowns, of course, are very low and tipped on to the back of the head rather like inverted soup plates. Touches of linen and shantung are used in straw hats when they accompany summer frocks of similar material.

AS the Season advances one is apt to see jaded complexions and the morning-after-the-night-before expression. Much can be done to militate against this by what Americans tersely term "facials." With them it is at least a once-a-week habit. I was once lured into a very modern beauty shop in Fifth Avenue by the intriguing term of "facial æsthetics." This I discovered to be the usual beauty treatment with slight embellishments of a promise to match your complexion with exactly the right tone of rouge or to mix it for you right on the spot. I was soothingly made to feel I was quite beautiful and managed to extricate myself minus only a few dollars and plus some really excellent beauty preparations, all of which, I suppose, goes under the heading of "super-salesmanship."

IT is really wonderful what a little careful treatment of massage and electric "toning-up" will do for a muddy skin, while a touch of the right powder or a hint of rouge has a magical effect on making your hat look more becoming and your new frocks suit you better. Town life, dear ladies, calls for this small sacrifice of time and money on the altar of looking one's best—and does not country life make an equal claim? B. B. E.

Play Titles bottled by Worthington

SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS

THE LITERARY SHOW

A HIGHBROW, A COWPUNCHER, AND SOME OTHERS

By J. A. Hammerton

Illustrated by BUD PERMANT

"The intellectual life of the Moor would seem to have ended for ever"

To me it is always as great a pleasure to arrive at my own hearth after a long journey as it is at the start to indulge in happy anticipation. I am never less eager to get back than I am to go away. Thus the delight of resuming my old seat as a spectator at the Literary Show after a good many weeks of wandering in Morocco and Southern Spain has been keener than any that I experienced in some five thousand miles of travel amid unfamiliar scenes of age-old beauty, wonder and endless interest.

My bookman's heart found little to satisfy it in the foul and degenerate life of the modern Moor. I had read with a thrill that the name of the celebrated mosque, the Koutoubia, at Marrakesh, with its lovely minaret built nearly eight centuries ago by the same splendid men that made the Giralda of Seville, signified "mosque of the libraries." There used to be two hundred little shops around the mosque where books and illuminated manuscripts were sold. Alas, I found not one. It made no difference that I could not have read a page of Arabic had the two hundred still been doing business at the Koutoubia. I felt that a glory had departed. The intellectual life of the Moor would seem to have ended for ever centuries ago, and I doubt if in all Morocco to-day there are a dozen native bookshops.

By happy chance on my homeward way I was given a copy of Chateaubriand's little romance, *Le Dernier Abencerage,* in which the nobility of the Moor is pictured in the most alluring manner—the Moor who had but recently been sent packing from Granada with Boabdil back to Morocco. A very different person from his brutish descendant of to-day. A perfect piece of French prose, this short story—for it contains no more than twelve thousand words—is also a perfect microcosm of all the faults of the Romantic school, of which Chateaubriand, as the author of *Atala,* is usually held to be the founder. Into its small space is crammed an incredible amount of false sentiment, improbable events and superhuman nobility. Yet I read the story with delight, giving credence to not a line of it. Such is the spell of the romantic when he also happens to be a master of prose.

But it is not of Chateaubriand that I have set out to write. The books I took with me to bookless Morocco were to suggest these notes. I named most of them at the time in this page. Did I read them all? Does anyone ever read all the books he carries with him on tour? Several of them came back with me unopened, particularly *The Brothers Karamazov,* which, as mere fiction, makes an inordinate demand upon one's reading time, and must await my greater leisure; but if I had read no more than D. H. Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia* I should have felt that I had not done badly. I see that a critical study of Lawrence by Mr. Stephen Potter came out while I was away, and another, I hear, is in the Press. No English writer of our time is more worthy of the student's attention. There was true greatness in the man, and although I had read most of his books, none of them had made me so aware of his masculinity as *Sea and Sardinia*—the least likely, as I thought, to be characteristic.

As a travel book it is as good as any written in my time by Stevenson or Kipling, by Belloc or Cunninghame Graham, the last being not the least of the four I have named. And, by the way, I caught sight of this Scottish hidalgo in Tangier, at the Villa de France, as erect and lithe at seventy-eight as I had last seen him twenty-five years before; only his splendid shock of hair thinned and whitened.

In an honestly written book of travel I think we get nearer to the heart of a man than in any other form of literary expression. An autobiography is seldom quite ingenuous. Few, indeed, have had the unaffected frankness of Rousseau, who tells us without a blush how he took each infant born to his Thérèsa and dumped it in the basket at the Foundling Hospital, arguing that the creature he had been responsible for bringing into the world would have a better chance reared by the hand of public charity than if he had joined with the mother in its nurture. This from the philosopher whose *Emile* was, in a way, the first contribution to the modern study of child welfare is sufficiently comic and entirely characteristic of the man.

Think what you like about Rousseau, you may not question his honesty. His *Confessions* remain one of the greatest human documents—and, let me add, one of the most amusing of books—ever penned.

Everyone interested in books and in

"Frank as a dare-devil cowpuncher"

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THE LITERARY SHOW (continued from p. 402)

"Mrs. Virginia Woolf is too dreadfully clever"

human nature should read the whole of Rousseau's *Confessions* at least once, and having done so will certainly return to the amazing book again and again. I was astonished to learn that so omnivorous a reader as Mr. Arnold Bennett came to this masterpiece for the first time this year.

COMING back to D. H. Lawrence, I am ready to put up *Sea and Sardinia* against any of the innumerable quasi-autobiographic works of the younger writers that have been pouring from the Press since *Good-bye to All That*. Its background of Sardinia doesn't in the least condition the book. It might have been *Heath and the Highlands*; Lawrence would have given us of himself in equal measure. He travels like Stevenson and all good travellers not to find strange places, but to find himself in the reactions which he registers from the most commonplace happenings by the way. And what he found in Sardinia was a most virile and individual D. H. Lawrence: a man full of pity for ill-used animals and of contempt for the herd spirit in men, fiercely individualist, a brave fighter, fearless of criticism, resolved at all costs to be himself, to express himself.

Yes, of all the books I took away I enjoyed *Sea and Sardinia* most. I hope that since poor Lawrence's death his books have been finding an increasing public. His devotion to his wife, a German lady, the Queen Bee, as he called her, is charmingly in evidence throughout this particular book, and it would be good to think that his genius and energy had provided for her in posthumous royalties.

ANOTHER personal book that I read with some interest but little approval was the American edition of Frank Harris's *My Reminiscences as a Cowboy*, of which I see an English edition is forthcoming. My opinion of Harris has already been expressed in these notes, and his latest effort goes to confirm it. I get no impression of truth from this book of alleged reminiscence. The whole reads like a yarn from *Boys of London and New York*, or any of the penny bloods of my youth. I feel it is a pastiche. But Harris was always good at yarns.

I wish I had the space to give you some examples of Frank as a dare-devil cowpuncher. To use the words he applies to one of his companions, he "brags to beat the band," and I can imagine some ingenuous and admiring reader exclaiming as he reads, "What a lad!" There is subtle use of "as" in Harris's title. Why may not anyone assume a character in which to write his reminiscences? Note that he says "*As* a Cowboy." I am sure he could give us another bunch of reminiscences, say, "As an Old Etonian," quite as vivid. And who to-day would blame him? Daniel Defoe did the trick to perfection.

ONE lady writer I included at the last moment: Mrs. Virginia Woolf, whose *To the Lighthouse* I bought in its neat new five shilling form the day I left. With Mrs. Woolf's critical writings I am familiar, and I am usually open to accept her literary judgments, but this was my first encounter with her as a novelist. It will probably be my last. Her style in fiction bears no relationship to the manner of her literary criticism. How she has "put it across" any reading public to the extent of attaining the distinction of a uniform edition of her novels, I cannot guess. In this story, at least, her style is a thing of jerks and spasms, of choppy scraps of phrases, and devoid of charm.

NOBODY in the story moves about like an ordinary human being; her characters are always "bearing down upon," "advancing towards," or "retreating from" one another, so that the reader is reminded of our old-fashioned farce with its ludicrous door-play.

Mrs. Woolf evidently has no gift for the writing of dialogue, without which any fiction becomes monotonous and hard to read. She tries to make up for this lack by telling you what her puppets are thinking and feeling, as well as doing. The result is distressingly unreal. For me, at least, her characters have no existence outside their author's own imagination. I cannot believe that her art succeeds in projecting them into the minds of many of her readers. I can only say that the abounding affectations, and the "high-brow" chatter of the book kept me from finishing it, though it is quite a short novel. I never got as far as the lighthouse for my five shillings! I may have missed something, but I am carrying that risk lightheartedly. The fact is Mrs. Virginia Woolf is too dreadfully clever, and in my opinion dreadfully clever persons do not make good story-tellers.

HERE is her narrative manner at its clearest:—

> Looking along the level of Mr. Bankes' glance at her, she thought that no woman could worship another woman in the way he worshipped; they could only seek shelter under the shade which Mr. Bankes extended over them both. Looking along his beam she added to it her different ray, thinking that she was unquestionably the loveliest of people (bowed over her book); the best perhaps; but also, different too from the perfect shape which one saw there. But why different, and how different? she asked herself, scraping her palette of all those mounds of blue and green which seemed to her like clods with no life in them now, yet she vowed, she would inspire them, force them to move, flow, do her bidding to-morrow.

If you like that sort of writing, you will like *To the Lighthouse*. I don't.

J. A. H.

DANCING CHERRY BLOSSOM

(continued from page 397)

IN their honeymoon hotel the understudy smiled to her Lordling husband. "I bet those critics made old Cherry wild," she laughed. "She was never brave enough to face a losing game. She may have got the legs, but I've got the guts, and she'd never have admitted the fact that her Dad was in a mill. Not Cherry. I know her."

"You know everything," said the adoring husband.

Cherry ordered the car and went out to see her mother. She would give her money. She would see that the wise old lady never worked again. But she would not admit the truth, for Cherry had built up the whole of her career like a paper pagoda tier upon tier, and she was going to see that no one kicked the ground from under her.

So changeable was she, so divided between what she knew was right and what she believed would harm her, that she changed her mind on the way down there a dozen times. She saw a woman pegging out baby garments along a line. Another woman, weary and bent, carrying a child that seemed as heavy as herself in her arms. Out of the woman's eyes stared something splendidly enduring, some sacrifice, that literally hurt Cherry.

SHE got out of the car and went up the cobbled path. Her heart beat rapidly. Perhaps, after all, there might be something beautiful about it. She tapped, and the knock sounded strangely hollow. She tapped again, and then she heard the window opened, and the raw-boned young woman from next door stuck out a tousled head.

"'Tain't no good tappin'," said the woman. "She's gone away."

"Gone away?"

"Yes, at 'er age, too. 'Sakes,' says I, 'she must be clean barmy!' Gone to see her son in Australey. 'E's a perliceman."

"Gone to Australia?" Cherry gripped the lintel of the door for support.

"You wait a moment, and I'll be along of you," said the woman, and she came down the stairs noisily and opened her own front door. "She never was like other folks," she said.

"But what did she go to Australia for?"

The woman wiped water-wrinkled hands on an untidy blue apron. "She said if a lady came along and asked for her I was to say 'ow she'd gone so that the cherry blossom should still dance. Mad; couldn't ha' meant nothink."

"Nothing at all," said Cherry. "Thank you very much indeed," and she passed a coin into the creased hand.

She went down the path and climbed into the car. So that the cherry blossom should still dance, fluttering along a black twig, white and pearl cherry blossoms, snow in Spring. . . . So that Cherry herself should still dance, selfish, brassily cheap Cherry, with her veneer chipping and showing the sham heart under it. The truth was rammed home to her at last. She said despairingly:

"What a fool I am! She was a very great lady."

U. B.

The Perfect Pari-Mutuel

by

"Quickstart"

TWELVE months ago I decided that after the "Tote" had been in operation for a year I would write an article fully explaining its progress, how it was regarded by backers on and off the racecourse, its advantages, disadvantages, and what the future contained for those who favoured this style of wagering.

It was nothing in favour of the Official Racecourse Tote that previous to its inception several private pari-mutuels sprang up, because none of them were conducted in a manner which gave the public a favourable opinion of Tote betting. When a public fancy won, the returns of these private "totes" were invariably considerably below the official starting prices, whilst in the instances of winners which on form looked to have only forlorn chances, odds frequently running into ridiculous figures were returned. The success of such horses does not benefit the general public, who invariably back horses which have shown good form and which look to have obvious chances of winning.

Incidentally, my advice to backers who wish to experiment with these private "totes" is to keep a careful record of the returns made in connection with horses they actually back and to compare them with either the official starting prices or the returns made by the Racecourse Totalisator. This is the acid test and will be found most enlightening. It should always be borne in mind that fundamentally the objects of companies, societies, etc., who have set up these private pari-mutuels is to make money out of the betting public, but, unlike the legitimate turf accountant, they take no risk of losing their own money.

From a racegoer's point of view, what does the tote offer? It offers a mechanical system of betting which has proved successful in most countries where racing takes place. In many countries where the machine operates there are no bookmakers, so there is no opportunity of comparing the odds returned with any competitive method of betting. In such countries as the machine and bookmakers both operate, neither method can claim to be consistently better than the other. The machine certainly affords the backer the facility of backing horses for places only, and there is no denying the fact that this is an advantage which is highly appreciated by the ordinary public. Another advantage is that having backed a winner on the Tote, the backer is not annoyed with the thought that other people have obtained better prices than himself. The machine treats all alike; there is no distinction between the public, owner, trainer or professional backer. All receive the same odds. This, of course, is not the case when betting with a bookmaker. One backer by reason of his superior information or being inspired may, during the early stages of the betting, invest his money with a bookmaker at, say, 10 to 1, and the horse may gradually shorten in price to half the odds. Again, a punter may back a winner with a bookmaker at a certain price only to find when he picks up his evening paper that the horse's official starting price is twice the rate his bookie laid him. Another advantage the machine has is that there is no occasion for hurry or bustle. Whether a bet is made immediately the numbers go up or a minute before the "off" makes no difference to the odds returned. These are the same in all cases.

The foregoing are some of the advantages of the Tote from a racegoer's point of view. Naturally there are disadvantages. What are they? First, the machine only bets against cash. That means that the backer has to go to the racecourse provided with ready money. There is the trouble of going to one's bank and of openly counting and handling cash or coupons on a racecourse, a notoriously happy hunting ground for pickpockets. Next, one must line up to obtain one's vouchers. Having received them, the backer must put them carefully away to avoid the possibility of losing them. The race over, and having backed the winner or a placed horse, the necessity arises for cashing the tickets. This involves lining up in a queue until the Pari-Mutuel offices have made all their calculations and are prepared to pay out—a waste of valuable time, which might be much more usefully employed making a paddock inspection of the horses for the next race and endeavouring to glean some information as to their chances. Then, again, let us assume a race has just been run and the numbers of the first three hoisted. The horse backed is not amongst them. Invariably the first thing the backer does is to philosophically tear up his tickets; five minutes afterwards there is an objection. It is quite possible that although he has destroyed his tickets he may eventually establish his claim, but there would be great difficulty in doing so, and many backers would sooner put up with the loss than undergo all the trouble.

As regards the stay-at-home backer. It is quite true that he is not faced with all the disadvantages of the racegoer, but, on the other hand, he initially experiences difficulty in finding an agent who will accept his bets at racecourse Tote odds. Having succeeded in finding one, he is faced with all sorts of restrictions. Should he be successful in backing a winner at one of the extraordinary long prices occasionally returned by the machine he will inevitably find his agent's rules impose certain limits which deprive him of the greater part of his winnings. Again, he will find all sorts of restrictions as regards time limits, possibly a rule to the effect that his instructions, whether by telegram or 'phone, must reach his agent at least thirty minutes before the advertised time of the race—an almost impossible stipulation, because in this country the time that a telegram is delivered at its destination is not recorded. Betting, to most backers, is a form of relaxation; they select certain horses in a day's programme which they think have favourable chances, and their usual procedure is to back the first one which runs. They make no further bets until they know the fate of the first horse. If it wins, they back their second selection, etc., but this procedure would be impossible if they were compelled to dispatch their telegrams in time for them to reach their agent thirty minutes before the race.

There is the story both from a racegoer's and stay-at-home backer's points of view. In my opinion, both of them have to put up with severe disadvantages which, if persisted in, would considerably detract from the pleasurable relaxation afforded by the sport. It was not easy to find a remedy which would straighten out the difficulties and allow the backer the peace of mind he is entitled to. I had almost given it up as an impossible task when my eye caught the back page of the BYSTANDER, and staring at me were the words: "Duggie virtually places the Tote in every Telegraph Office." Could I believe my eyes? Yes, there it was. I dashed quickly to the 'phone. "Is that you, 'Duggie'? Can I see you with reference to your Pari-Mutuel announcement? Many thanks—10 a.m. to-morrow morning—later would do—I don't want you to get to your office so early—what's that? 10 a.m. is late—all your important work finished by then? Good gracious! I thought Turf Accountants stayed up half the night drinking champagne and smoking Coronas."

Punctually at 10 a.m. I arrived at Stuart House. From the moment I placed my feet in this palatial building I felt that my conception of starting price bookmakers and their offices was ludicrously wrong. All the dignity and convenience of an important banking establishment were here. Uniformed attendants, automatic lift, panelled reception rooms, scores of employees all hard at work, and withal not a sound beyond the scratching of pens. I barely had time to rub my eyes and assure myself I was not dreaming before "Duggie" himself was shaking my hand and enquiring how he could be of service to me. I recovered my breath sufficiently to return his greetings, and holding out the advertisement that brought me there I said, "Can you tell me exactly what this means?"

"Certainly, it means exactly what it says."

In no time I was convinced that I had at last found the solution of the difficulties. The stay-at-home backer could, if away from London, telegraph £10 to win or each way a horse up to the advertised time of the race without any stipulation as to the time of arrival. Even if through some post office fault it was not delivered at all, the winnings were paid on production of a certified copy. If telegraphing was inconvenient there was the 'phone, and a subsequent inspection of the installation provided for telephone business placed beyond doubt the fact that Stuart House contains the most wonderfully conceived 'phone room that ever existed. Dozens of beautifully constructed, well-ventilated glass compartments, each seating an operator, who is "fed" by two switchboards. What is more, all the operators have, attracted by higher pay, been recruited from the Telephone service.

"Now what about the Racecourse?" was my next question. Here, again, it seems that every provision has been made for the backer. He can do exactly the same from the racecourse as he can from his club or office with the additional facility of being able to hand in telegrams up to the "off." "And what," I murmured, "about Limits?"

"None," replied "Duggie." "Over twenty-five years ago I broke down all the old-fashioned fetishes about Limits. 'No Limit' has been my slogan in the past and will be in the future, whether my clients bet at Tote odds or Starting Prices."

Came the question from "Duggie," "Are you sure you have got all the information you require?"

Scenting the possibility of the interview terminating, I answered in the affirmative, expressed my thanks and appreciation of the courtesy I had been shown and picked up my hat.

"But surely," persisted "Duggie," "you have overlooked a most important factor."

I put my thinking cap on. What could it be? Was it all a hoax? Had it been a dream? "No," I said, "there's nothing I appear to have overlooked."

"Have you thought," asked "Duggie," "of what would happen if, like others, I sent my clients' bets back to the Racecourse Tote?"

And then I saw what he meant. Suppose his clients sent him commissions totalling £500 for a particular horse. The horse won and the machine returned 5 to 1. If the £500 was sent to the racecourse Tote, the odds, instead of being 5 to 1, would probably be under 2 to 1, so that backers are studying their own financial interests in doing their business with this very much alive and enterprising agent. Undoubtedly, the "Perfect Pari-Mutuel."

STUART HOUSE—ILLUSTRATED

Enquiries at Stuart House are dealt with by experienced attendants, whose business it is to procure the information desired in the shortest space of time. Delay is considered as a crime at Stuart House

Part of the highly efficient soundproof telephonic installation where each message is received in duplicate and registered by independent operators. It is claimed that the possibility of error creeping in is practically eliminated by this method, which is unique

The principal reception room at Stuart House

A consultation in the Chief Director's office

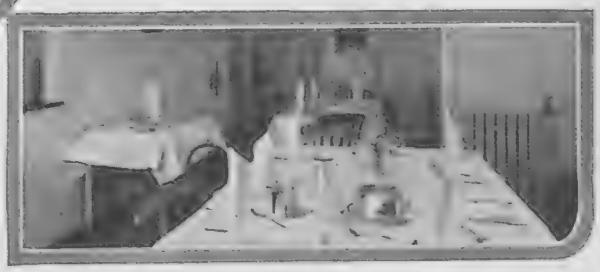
S.P. Department, where all commissions at official starting prices are handled

The Totalisator Dept., where commissions at Pari-Mutuel odds are carried out

A corner of the Correspondence Office

The Filing and Reference Rooms

The Circularising Department. All interior printing, office forms, lists, etc., are produced on the spot



Both lunch and tea are here served to the staff. Good and regular living is accepted as an important item in the day's routine

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

"BOOKS WHICH OUGHT NOT TO BE WRITTEN"

By Ralph Straus

MR. DEREK WALKER SMITH

Whose first novel "Out of Step" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.) is reviewed in this article. Mr. Smith has only recently left school, and his book deals with the merits and demerits of the public-school system

PERIODICALLY some new book is chosen out for widespread newspaper fulmination. Large headlines appear: "A Book Which Ought Never To Have Been Printed"; "Odious Lies"; "Where is the Common Hangman?" and so forth. The unlucky book—or should I say lucky?—may or may not be of any literary importance; that does not matter. It is enough that it dares to say something, true or false or, more likely, betwixt and between, which is not usually to be found in print.

VERY occasionally it is some "libel" on a much-lauded national hero who has been stupid enough to leave awkward letters behind him. (It does not pay to be too idolatrous these days.) Generally, however, it is an attack on some "system" or code of morality which our grandfathers in their exceeding wisdom decided, once and for all time, must be "right." It is, in fact, "indecent" to launch any such attack, and as, most unfortunately, pressure of traffic and possibly other considerations have rendered impracticable present-day usage of pillory or stocks, the Press very kindly steps into the breach. And for the last few years the most "indecent" thing you can do (except, perhaps, to carry the problems of abnormal psychology into propagandist fiction) has been to attack the public-school system or to hint that not all war-time activities on our own side were precisely heroic. Indecent and unpatriotic.

NOW it happens that a novel which attacks the public-school system, and a war book which runs the risk of being banned, appear almost at the same moment, and quite a number of godly and righteous folk will say that they ought never to have been written. No question about their literary merits will be raised; they simply ought not to have been written. And owing to the fact that this sentence will be constantly repeated, both books will receive rather more publicity than would otherwise have come their way. (Whereat the cynic may smile, if he likes.)

Keystone

THE NEW POET LAUREATE

Mr. John Masefield, the "Poet of the Sea," who has succeeded the late Dr. Robert Bridges. Mr. Masefield has sampled a variety of occupations, having been a sailor, a barman, and a journalist. He is seen at his home near Oxford, with his daughter, Judith

You may remember the fuss that there was when *The Loom of Youth* was first published. A public-school story selling in its tens of thousands; but—why? Well, it happened to be the first book of the kind which women in any numbers took the trouble to read. The mothers of boys at school seemed suddenly to have wakened to the fact that they knew very little, if anything, about the establishment where their dear Charles or Jack was receiving his education. They bought the book, and in many cases remained bewildered and upset, even after reading all the fulminations against it. And now, when a poor boy's suicide and a provincial jury's injudicious rider have once again directed their attention to the "evils" of fagging, Mr. Derek Walker Smith, an Oxford undergraduate, who has hardly had time to forget his own school experiences, bids them read *Out of Step* (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.) in order to see that everything is just as bad as ever it was.

AND already a mild howl has arisen. The "old school," of course, is up in arms. A damned nonsensical tale. Whoever heard of a public school boy playing Bolshie, even before he has got his House colours? Growing whiskers, too, as a kind of protest against the stereotyped worship of good form. Admittedly, there have always been misfits, but this Colin Brooke is an unpleasant freak who deserves every thrashing he gets. Then there are the Radicals. They are raising shocked voices at such an appalling state of affairs. Cruelty and favouritism rampant! Mediæval flagellant practices not only tolerated, but actively encouraged by masters and big boys alike! Even more regrettable, the one boy in the school who thinks for himself, penalised for daring to do so! As for the Puritans, they are horrified that anybody should be so lost to all sense of decency as to hint that even small boys sometimes think about sex. Decidedly, then, "a book which ought not to be written."

MY own view about the novel is quite simple. *Out of Step* is a remarkable book for a boy of eighteen to have written, and it suffers from the two defects which you might have expected to find. Like most of these attacks on existing institutions, and like all the more extreme war books, it is too one-sided. This is not public school life as most boys find it. I do not deny that every school has its Colin, but his own view, as here propounded, is necessarily restricted. From the literary standpoint this would not matter so much, but the author's obvious desire to present a true picture is frustrated by his inability to see things in a reasonable perspective.

MORE serious, however, is Mr. Smith's failure to get down on to paper the natural talk of boys amongst themselves. Time and again they utter beautifully grammatical orations, well suited to Liberal politicians at a Shadow-Cabinet meeting. Time and again they are too clearly the mouthpiece for Mr. Smith's doubtlessly excellent views. And it is not only Colin himself who speaks in this way. But the writing of good dialogue is not nearly so easy as many beginners believe it to be. A provocative book, then, though I do not think that the mothers of England need feel any apprehension at its appearance.

(Continued on page 410)

POLO

Polo is one of the most ancient games in the world. Cradled in Persia, it spread to India where in later days it was taken up by British Officers who brought it to England.

The Hurlingham Club was made in 1874—a code of rules laid down, and regular matches and tournaments were instituted.

Johnnie Walker:

This game is much enjoyed in the East.

Polo Players:

So are you—*and the* world over!

Born 1820—Still going Strong

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 408)

I COME to the war book, and this is almost certain to cause trouble. Its very title, *Generals Die in Bed* (Noel Douglas: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is enough to give every Brass Hat fits. And it goes into the ghastliest details of war in and behind the trenches in a way which makes *All Quiet on the Western Front* (which, I learn, has now been banned over half the world) read like a child's story-book. Its author, Mr. Charles Yale Harrison, is a Canadian, and it is obvious that he is writing from first-hand experience and what he believes to have been the truth. He can write, too, with a vigour and passion that may be envied. I do not think that I have ever read a more dreadful passage than the hero's bayoneting of a German. Also there are included "revelations" of the kind which politicians always hope will never see the light.

VERY well, then. Here you have a book that is ugly, and in places disgusting. Spades are called Spades, in the blunt Canadian way, and nothing is left to the imagination. Brothels and latrines are well to the fore, and there is hardly a good word for anybody. Not at all a nice kind of book to have about the place; and yet—war itself is ugly and disgusting. At the same time you cannot get away from the fact that nearly every one of these books fails to give anything like a *complete* picture. Doubtless all these things happened; but what of the more decent affairs? To be candid, I do not wonder at offence being taken at a book of this kind, and the pity of it is that, in spite of his vivid writing, Mr. Harrison lays himself open to the suspicion that his book was intended to succeed chiefly on account of its nauseating details.

THIS brings me to *The Patriot's Progress* (Bles: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Henry Williamson. Nobody in his senses could ever suggest that *this* war-book "ought never to have been written," and yet nothing of importance is omitted. It is the plain tale of a Tommy who fought in France, and once got drunk, and once went to a brothel, and "groused" and had "windup," and finally came home without one of his legs. It is all amazingly vivid, and as near to a complete picture as any war-book yet written. For myself—and I believe I speak for many others—I have had my fill of these books, but I am glad not to have missed this splendidly virile and all-too-short book.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BRIGHAM YOUNG. By Susa Young Gates. (Jarrold: 18s.)
BACK DOOR GUESTS. By Lennox Kerr. (Constable: 6s.)
THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Ford Madox Ford. (Constable: 5s.)
ACTING. By W. Crauford. (Constable: 10s. 6d.)
THE STORM. By A. Ostrorsky. (Allen and Unwin: 3s. 6d.).
THE MOUNTAIN BEAST. By Stella Gibbons. (Longmans Green: 3s. 6d.)
JOYOUS PILGRIMAGE. By R. Francis Foster. (Mathews and Marot: 7s. 6d.)
BOWERY MURDER. By Willard K. Smith. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
THE BELOVED ADVENTURESS. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD. By R. M. Tenriero. (Martin Secker: 7s. 6d.)
DIANA DAUNTLESS. By Paul Kester. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
A TRAGIC EMPRESS. By Comtesse des Gerets. (Skeffington: 21s.)
WOMAN UNDER FIRE. By R. Dingle. (Hutchinson: 12s. 6d.)
LADY—THIS IS LOVE. By Beuno de Mesquita. (Cecil Palmer: 2s. 6d.)
THE HOUND DESIRE. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
THE END OF THIS ROAD. By Graff and Hintze. (Allen and Unwin: 4s. 6d.)

S

FROM war we may proceed comfortably to crime and—the Crime Club. Detective stories are more popular than ever, and the Crime Club—a purely publishing concern, by the way—intends to print every month two or three of the best stories submitted to it for publication. Also, it will have its monthly "Choice," and if one is to judge by *The Noose* (Crime Club: 7*s.* 6*d.*), the first of such choices, it should not lack for members. *The Noose* is the work of Mr. Philip Macdonald, who has one or two good novels of a very different kind to his credit—I think in particular of *Likeness of Exe*—and it has the double merit of being delightfully written and a really baffling mystery.

THIS is not Colonel Gethryn's first case, but he can never have had a more troublesome business to deal with. Three days are all he has to save an innocent man from the gallows. His staff, however, is efficient, and he obtains useful evidence very cleverly from a poor village imbecile, and in the nick of time there comes not only success to his efforts but a startling surprise for the reader. The Crime Club may certainly be congratulated on its excellent beginning. R. S.

THE "Allegro"
AUTOMATIC HONING & STROPPING MACHINE

PRICE 15/6

Combines in the one machine the STONE for HONING and the LEATHER for STROPPING.

"I have been using one of your 'Allegro' Machines for some time, and can only speak in the highest praise of it. . . . I have tried other sharpening devices on the market, but there has been nothing to touch the 'Allegro.'
(Sgd.) W. H. B."

TRY IT—MONEY BACK AFTER A WEEK'S TEST.

From all Stores, Cutlers, Druggists, etc.,

and from Allegro Machine Co., 23a, Old Bond St., London, W.1. Booklet on application.

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So Helena Rubinstein, the foremost authority on Beauty, tells you.

DO you wish to look your very best this Season? You can if you will. Knowledge of what is needed . . . common sense to secure it . . . that is the secret. You must KNOW how to remove the traces of winter cold and grime. How to make a dull, lifeless skin finely textured, delicately vital. How to add the subtle but significant final touches. Amongst the many balsams, creams and lotions which Helena Rubinstein, the world-famous scientific specialist of Beauty has originated, is precisely the help each individual woman needs to bring to light her most fascinating self.

DOES YOUR SKIN NEED FRESHENING? Valaze Water-Lily Cream will cleanse and bestow a lovely youthful lustre. Rare herbs, precious unguents, and that most magical of beauty blossoms, the Water-Lily, make up the marvel of this cream. Price **10/6, 21/-**

DOES YOUR SKIN NEED CLEARING AND BRACING? Valaze Beautifying Skinfood will purify, refine and revitalise it. Price **4/6, 9/6**

Tone and brace the skin at the same time with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion, erasing fine lines, uplifting tired tissues. Price **5/-, 9/6**

IS YOUR CONTOUR RELAXED? Valaze Contour Jelly will soon remedy it, tighten and consolidate flaccid tissue, restore and maintain the clear, youthful lines of jaw and chin. Price **4/6, 8/6**

WHAT ROUGE BECOMES YOUR PERSONALITY? Is it the vivid Geranium, Red Raspberry, or the more conservative crushed Rose Leaves? Helena Rubinstein's cosmetics stand supreme. Such rouges (**4/6**) with the Indelible Lipsticks to correspond (**6/6**), and the perfect Valaze Complexion Powder in your own most flattering shade (**4/6 6/6, 12/6**) put an adorable finishing touch to your beauty.

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This is the 10/25 h.p.
SPORTSMAN'S
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£270

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You need not tolerate cramped discomfort in a diminutive car in order to motor economically when you can get a 10/25 h.p. Rover. For this is a full-sized car in everything save running cost. It offers you—and your three passengers—luxurious travel at 1¾d. a mile—less than a halfpenny per mile per person. And this cost includes *everything* (see details on right). Moreover, the Rover has *proved* its economical running under the stringent observation of the Royal Automobile Club. In an official test, a fully-laden 10/25 h.p. Rover saloon covered no fewer than 2,149 miles on an expenditure of £5.

As you will see if you will examine it, the Rover saloon really does give four passengers ample room. The body is a genuine Weymann, and the seating is upholstered in leather or carriage cloth, to choice, and there are several very attractive body colours available. Equipment is lavish and includes electric starting, lighting and horn, 8-day clock, speedometer, screen wiper, driving mirror, dash lamp and roof lamp, folding luggage grid (except on Sportsman's Coupé, which has a capacious trunk). Shock absorbers are fitted both at front and rear, the Rover being one of the steadiest cars to handle, even on the worst of roads. It is certainly the best value for money.

WE have carefully compiled a reliable table showing the cost of running a 10/25 h.p. Rover over a distance of 10,000 miles, which is a very fair annual average for the majority of motorists. The fuel and oil consumptions mentioned have been proved by hundreds of owners to be well within the capabilities of the car.

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Petrol at 34 m.p.g. = 294 galls. at 1/6½ ..	£22	13	3
Oil at 1,000 m.p.g. = 10 galls. at 5/11 ..	2	19	2
Annual Road Fund Tax	10	0	0
Insurance	12	5	0
Driving Licence		5	0
Garage at 5/- weekly for 52 weeks	13	0	0
Decarbonising engine (twice)	4	0	0
Grease and oil for back axle, etc.		15	0
Allow for Incidentals	10	0	0
Total equals 1·8d. per mile ..	£75	17	5

The set of five tyres supplied with the car we generally find to last considerably more than 10,000 miles, but this, of course, depends greatly upon the nature of the roads and the manner in which the car is driven. As regards the cost for incidentals, this would cover the cost of washing the car occasionally and similar small expenses. No renewals of parts should be necessary under considerably more than 10,000 miles.

Bear in mind, if you are choosing between the Rover and a lower-priced car of nominally greater power, that month after month, year after year, you will be paying less in tax, in insurance, and in fuel for the Rover than for the other car; that in a surprisingly short time the difference in first cost will have been wiped out, and that, in the end, you will be in pocket through choosing the Rover Ten—the full-sized car that costs least to run. **The attention of Heads of Firms using Cars for Travellers is specially drawn to the foregoing.**

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10/25 h.p. – – – –	£255 to £270
LIGHT SIX – – – –	£325 to £365
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METEOR – – – – –	£380 to £537

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This is the 10/25 h.p. Rover Saloon, with seating upholstered in leather or carriage cloth and an attractive choice of body colour. Wire Wheels as illustrated, £5 extra **£255**

Alfieri

The outboard boat racing season is now in full swing, and this thrilling sport is more popular than ever this year. Competitors in one of the races recently held at Rickmansworth are seen going all out

SPEED-BOATING ANTICIPATIONS

By the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce

WHILE there is undoubtedly the possibility of a very great future for the new types of fast motor boat, which have, most appropriately, come to be termed speedboats it is not easy to estimate the precise direction in which that future may lie. As matters are at present, of course, a water vehicle cannot replace the motor car except for special purposes and on special occasions—as, for instance, travelling from place to place along the coast, where the roads are narrow, winding and crowded, and progress by car slow and tiring. But I can visualise a time when the existing waterways of Britain will have been put in order, and maybe other great arterial water highways added, in order to relieve the growing congestion of the main roads. That, I think, is the way in which the speedboat will eventually come into its own.

EVEN now there is not a great deal of difference between the speeds of cars and boats, for the improvement in all types of craft during the past few years has been almost miraculous. Forty miles an hour is easily possible with quite ordinary, everyday boats of both inboard and outboard variety; and the latter, in particular, has developed from an enthusiast's plaything into a practical product that is both reliable and economical to run. It is rapidly living down its unfortunate name for uncertainty and noisiness; and its price is merely that of a good motor cycle and sidecar combination.

The new 45ft. Despujol ocean-going cruiser. It is seen travelling at a rate of 30 m.p.h.

AS I say, if at present you wanted to go from London to Newcastle or Glasgow, you would not, at present, choose to go by speedboat; but I do not think that even yet we realise the extent to which road congestion will grow. The motor car, unfortunately, defeats itself by its very convenience and efficiency; and in the very near future its almost tragically growing popularity

The Brooke Hydrocar in which the Hon. Victor Bruce established his six-hour official record. It is built by Messrs. J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., of Lowestoft

One of the competitors in the British Outboard Racing Club's recent meeting speeding towards the finishing point. The meeting, which was held at the Welsh Harp at Hendon, attracted a large crowd

Central News

will force the authorities to seek some much more drastic solution of the traffic problem in the country, as well as in towns, than has ever yet been tried.

And may not that solution be the development of the waterways?

However, this is a matter for the future, and at present it is the recreation and the thrill of speedboating which is the attraction.

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SPEEDBOATS, in fact, are rapidly becoming the most popular feature of the amusement programme at seaside resorts; and, like the cinema, it seems to me a very healthy "craze." It may seem rather a laboured analogy to liken speedboating and the cinema—but there is just this likeness at the outset. The type of boat in general use at the seaside is too expensive either to buy or to run for the majority of people, just as the motion camera and projector are too expensive and complicated for the average snapshotter. But the amateur, inexpensive ciné apparatus has appeared, and is making such rapid strides in popularity that it is almost safe to prophesy the eventual disappearance of the "still" variety of camera. And so with speedboats. Types are available right through the range, from "the motor cycle of the water" at £100 or less up to luxury craft costing as many thousands as one chooses to spend, and every possible variation of taste, requirement and purse can even now be satisfied.

S

ONE important reason for the growing popularity of these new speedboats is that not only do they give a very similar performance to that of a lively road vehicle, but their control is almost identical with that of the motor car. In fact, apart from the necessary acquirement of a superficial knowledge of aquatic etiquette—the rule of the water road—the driving of a boat is almost precisely identical with that of a car. The little differences—such as the absence of mechanical brakes, or of a clutch pedal—are quite minor matters, to which one becomes accustomed in the first few minutes. So far as brakes are concerned, almost the first impression which the newcomer gains, particularly with a hydroplane hull, is the remarkable rapidity with which the boat pulls up immediately the power is cut off. The explanation, so far as the hydroplane is concerned, is that from its normal skimming of the surface of the water, when there is relatively little friction, it drops deeper into the water, and the combination of cessation of propulsive effort, plus the enormously increased friction, gives a very fine imitation of the effect of super-efficient four-wheel braking! V. B.

Alfieri

The Hon. Mrs. Sempill, Jim Kempster, the dirt-track racer, and Colonel the Master of Sempill. They are seen watching the outboard racing at the Welsh Harp

One of the popular Kelvin motor launches awaiting shipment. This craft, which is capable of fast speed in great comfort, is the product of Messrs Bergius and Co., of Glasgow

MOTOR BOATS OF NOTE By E. M. Wright

THE following notes will deal with some of the many interesting boats now available on the British market. One of the photographs which accompanies this article is of Fast Lady, an entirely new type of express motor cruiser, one of the attractive range which Fast Lady's builders, the British Power Boat Co., of Southampton, have to offer. Messrs. Pass and Joyce, of 24-27, Orchard Street, by the way, are the world distributors. Fast Lady is capable of speeds of about 30 m.p.h.

A VERY wide range of craft is produced by that old-established firm, John I. Thornycroft and Co., at their Works at Hampton-on-Thames. They build, in fact, every type of boat from small outboard motor boats to palatial cruisers for service in sheltered waters, rivers or the open sea. Of special interest are their "Standard Class" motor cruisers in different models ranging from thirty-footers upwards and fully equipped to accommodate four to six passengers. Another very attractive class of vessel is the Sea Hawk speed-boat. Thornycroft's have showrooms in London at Thornycroft House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

A thirty-foot Sea Hawk speed-boat on a trial trip. Colonel R. N. Stewart and his wife crossed the North Sea from Aberdeen to Norway, a distance of over 400 miles, in one of these boats

NO mention of the craft produced by J. W. Brooke and Co., Ltd., of Lowestoft, would be complete without a special reference to the success of the standard 24-foot Brooke Hydrocar, fitted with a Brooke 100 h.p. six-cylinder engine, in the All-British Six-Hour Record at Fareham Harbour a few weeks ago. Despite two separate stops on account of some obstruction to the propeller, an average speed of just over 29 m.p.h. was maintained for the whole course, the best lap speed being 31.7 m.p.h. Among orders now in hand are two of particular note. One of them is a 50-foot motor day cruiser of the express type specially constructed for open sea work, which will be fitted with two Brooke "Hundreds," i.e., their 105 h.p. six-cylinder motors. The other is a 35-foot cabin day launch which is to be used chiefly for sun-bathing and surf riding on the Riviera.

AMONG the various makes of outboard motor boats few enjoy greater popularity than the Elto, handled by the Elto Motor Sales Co., 24, Harrison Street, W.C.1. Their various models range from the aptly named Foldlight, weighing only 27 pounds and costing £34, to outfits suitable for large cruisers. Incidentally, in the Eighty Kilo-

(Continued on page 416)

Now only £398

The builders of "Miss England" put speed boating within your reach

British Power Boats are best—fastest, safest, most seaworthy, easiest to control—*and* most reasonably priced. Models range from £398. Let Pass and Joyce, world distributors for British Power Boat products, demonstrate the superiority of British Power Boats to you. *Models from £398*

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Be afloat at Whitsun

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BROOKE Cruisers, Yachts' Tenders, and other types of Motor Craft, supreme in their respective classes, will give you all the pleasures of water travel and enjoyment.

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KELVIN
MOTOR LAUNCHES

FROM STOCK.	READY FOR SERVICE.
OPEN - - -	18ft., 20ft., 22ft., 26ft., 36ft.
DAY CABIN - - - - - -	28ft., 38ft.
FULL CABIN - - - - - -	35ft., 38ft.

Fitted with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin Sleeve" or "Kelvin-Ricardo" Engines, correctly installed and carefully tested afloat by the actual manufacturers.

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The Triumph Super Seven has achieved an international reputation for Quality, Performance and Specification. Lockheed hydraulic brakes, three-bearing crankshaft, pneumatic upholstery (on most models), chromium plating and safety glass windscreen are outstanding features. Prices from £162 . 10 or £45 . 9 . 6 down.

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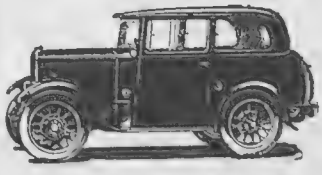

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Super Seven

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop Tyres standard.

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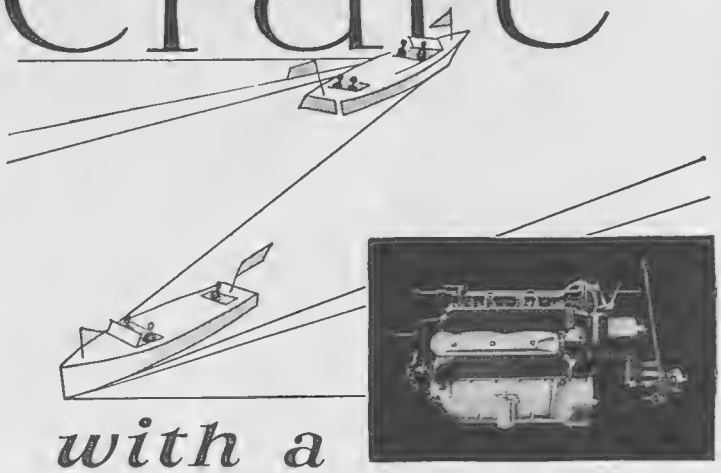
engine your craft



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Silent and vibrationless in running, a Morris marine engine has all the good points that have made the name of Morris famous—Reliability, Quality, Low Upkeep, Value and Performance. Morris marine engines are unique in that spares are obtainable everywhere.

Full details from Morris Motors, Ltd., Cowley, Oxford.

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MARINE ENGINE

4 cyl. £100 6 cyl. £168

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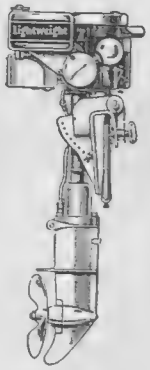
leave it for Thrills on the water



Enjoy the fascinating thrills of motor boating in any boat. Clamp an Elto Outboard Motor on the stern and just sit and steer into a new world of delight. An Elto instantly converts any rowing boat into a fast, easily driven motor boat. Elto are the easiest of outboards to handle; simplest to start; quietest; smooth and silent in performance and most dependable under all conditions.

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Models for every purse and purpose. Prices from £34

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ELTO MOTOR SALES COMPANY, LTD.
24, HARRISON STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
Phone Terminus 6361. Grams "Eltomotor" Kincross, London

MOTOR BOATS OF NOTE (continued from page 414)

A Dart Runabout travelling at high speed on the Thames

metre race at the Grand Prix Motonautico, Como, Italy, last month the three Elto motors entered finished first, second and fourth of the seven only which completed the course out of a "field" of 27. The showrooms at 24, Harrison Street, it should be noted, are also the London headquarters for Dart speed boats, of which four models are marketed.

ONE of the oldest established and most famous firms of motor boat manufacturers on the Clyde is the Bergius Co., of 254, Dobbies Loan, Glasgow. Deserving of particular mention are their Kelvin speed launches. This graceful type is extremely economical in service.

MORRIS MOTORS, LTD., now produce in their works at Cowley, Oxfordshire, two very interesting power units, the Navigator and the Commodore. The Navigator, the smaller of the two, is a study four-cylinder unit, rated at 12-24 h.p., and is one of the few moderately priced marine power units to possess a self-starter and lighting equipment. It sells for £100. The Commodore has six cylinders and is rated at 15-20 h.p. It is well suited for service in a fair-sized boat, say, 35ft. to 40ft. in length. It costs £168.

A 35 British Power Express Cruiser capable of a speed of 30 m.p.h. This boat is at present on a trip across Europe via canals to Marseilles

MESSRS. KENSINGTON, MOIR AND STRAKER, LTD., of 23, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1, have recently been appointed sole concessionaires in this country for the very attractive range of Belgian-built boats under the name of Despujol. The standard model of this make is an ocean-going vessel 14 metres in length fitted with a twin screw installation, the engines being of either 106 or 200 b.h.p. each. The boat is sold fitted out in every way, no extras having to be purchased, and the prices are very reasonable.

EVERY READER OF "THE BYSTANDER" IS INVITED TO WRITE FOR

HAMPTONS' NEW SPRING BOOK, C.155

illustrating, in colour, the latest productions and best values in tasteful FURNITURE, CARPETS, CURTAINS and other HOME FURNISHINGS

HAMPTONS' super grade WILTON CARPETS

THE stocks of Super Grade Wilton Carpets now on view in Hamptons' Carpet Dept. comprise an extensive and varied selection of remarkably choice designs. The Carpet illustrated herewith is in an extra fine grade of Wilton and is obtainable with either a perfectly plain or a jaspé ground as shown.

THE number of sizes obtainable is very great, those quoted below being merely typical examples

ft. in.		ft. in.	£	s.	d.
9 0	×	6 9	8	17	9
9 0	×	9 0	11	17	0
10 6	×	9 0	13	16	6
12 0	×	9 0	15	16	0
12 0	×	11 3	19	15	0
13 6	×	9 0	17	15	6
13 6	×	11 3	22	4	6
15 0	×	11 3	24	14	0
16 6	×	11 3	27	4	0

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Inexpensive Boating Needs

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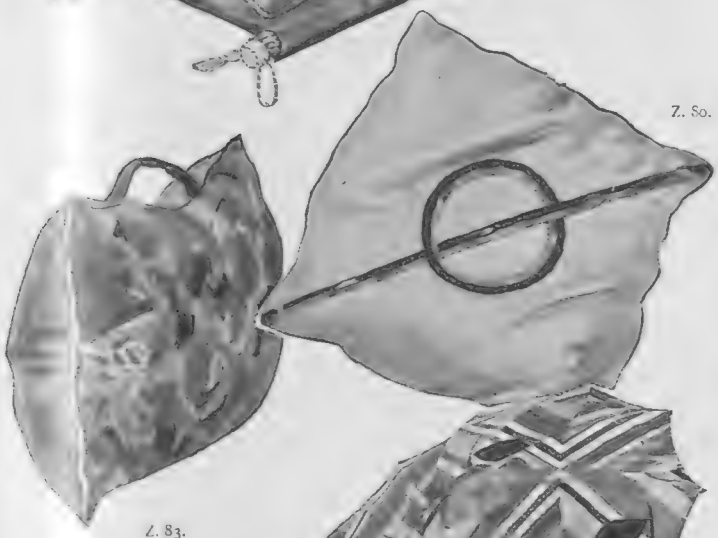
Everything which will make for comfort or utility on the "up river" outing is to be found at Gorringes, at the lowest possible prices. A few examples are illustrated.

Z. 80.



Z. 83.

A. 37.

Z. 82. [illegible]mething new for sunny days. CUSHION WITH SUN-SHADE TO MATCH. Made from ARTIFICIAL SILK and COTTON TAFFETA. In smart stripes. The predominating colours are Blue, Brown or Flame. Size of cushion, 17 × 21 ins.

PRICE COMPLETE **10/-**

Z. 80. CASEMENT CUSHION. The designs in appliqué of contrasting colours making a pretty effect (filled Kapok). In Saxe, Lemon, Green, Orange, or Mauve. Size 19 × 19 ins.

PRICE, EACH **2/11**

Z. 83. Ideal BOATING CUSHION, with Waterproof back, covered in a pretty Floral Cretonne. Predominating colours: Blue, Brown, Green, and Fuchsia. Size 17×17 ins.

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Size 17×21 ins. Price **3/6**

A. 37. Charming PRINTED MULTI-COLOUR LINEN PARASOL of newest design and smart colourings. Natural Malacca stick with Tortoiseshell Bakalite top. Predominating shades of Blue, Brown, or Green.

PRICE **14/9**

A large range of delightful CRETONNE PARASOLS, suitable for the river or garden use. Prices from **8/11**

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TWO MINUTES FROM VICTORIA STATION

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

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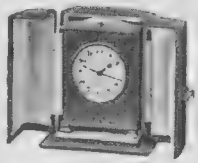

Eight-day Clock with alarm, jewelled escapement, engraved gilt case, silvered or gilt dial £3 . 7 . 6 3½ inches high.

30-hour alarm clock, jewelled escapement, engraved gilt case, with silvered or gilt dial £3 . 2 . 6 2¼ inches high.

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Not a big gift—a Zenith Clock. And not a costly one. But it is the kind of gift that stands out among much bigger and costlier presents. It is so rich in the things that make a gift worth while.

In beauty, for instance. What could be more perfect in form, or so exquisite in workmanship and finish?

And in sincerity. Here, obviously, is a gift that is chosen without compromise. Here, amongst clocks, is the best that money can buy.

A Zenith Clock is a small gift but a big gesture. It shows so plainly that the giver's heart is in the giving. Just as men's hearts were in it, when they made it a marvel of accuracy—when they fashioned it as a symbol of perfect taste.

OUR FREE BOOK "WATCHCRAFT" *will fascinate you by its revelation of the wonders of a modern fine timekeeper. It will gladly be sent, together with a portfolio catalogue of Zenith Clocks and Watches, on request to the Zenith Watch Company, Dept. 5K, 119 High Holborn, London, W.C.1*

All the better watchmakers and jewellers sell Zenith clocks. Prices range from £1. 12. 6 to £8. 8. 0.

ZENITH *Clocks*

MADE BY THE MEN WHO MAKE THE ZENITH WATCH

FLYING NOTES

PATRONS OF THE AIR

A few of the four hundred and fifty members of the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club photographed at the club's premises. These institutes, which are rapidly being formed in different parts of the country, are a great boon to amateur fliers

ADVANTAGES OF THE AIR MAIL.

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Flying at Brooklands

Is flying destined to supersede motor racing as the premier attraction at Brooklands? There is a lot of talk going around about the track being unsuitable for the high speeds of modern cars—even a Baby Austin will do 90 when hotted up. The large area in the centre of the track has been used as an aerodrome since the beginning of aviation—many famous pre-War pilots learnt to fly over the concrete way, and the Brooklands School of Flying is upholding the traditions of the place right worthily. Besides specialising in aerobatic instruction, the school has been teaching its pupils the art of making a "forced landing," proficiency in which is even more important than navigation. Real "forced landings," due to engine failure or structural defects, are almost unknown with modern light 'planes, but pilots still forget to fill their petrol tanks, and, therefore, it is as well to know how to land in a small field in case. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg and Mr. Anthony Belville are amongst the latest pupils at the school. The Brooklands Aero Club is being formed by the B.A.R.C. to provide solo flying for members at £2 an hour, quite a cheap rate. Existing members of the Racing Club pay a guinea a year subscription; others should apply for particulars to the Clerk of the Course. A metal Moth with slots will be provided for club use.

Still Making History

THE banquet at the Savoy last Thursday to Lord and Lady Wakefield was a unique event in flying history, for our hosts on so many previous flying occasions had become our guests. The event was organised by the four societies, the "Aeronautical," the "Aero Club," the "Air League," and the "Manufacturers." Lord Wakefield's services to aviation are too numerous to catalogue, and so well known that his name has become associated for all time with British flying progress in every corner of the world. Not only has he financed pioneer flights of survey by Sir Alan Cobham, but he has given aeroplanes to flying clubs throughout the Empire, donations to the Royal Aero Club's racing funds, and scholarships to the Royal Air Force. By his foresight and encouragement British aviation has received periodically a much-needed stimulant. Having learnt to rely on his support for any new venture which is planned on sound lines, is it too much to expect other rich sportsmen to follow his example more frequently?

ABROAD WITH A MOTH

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibour seen by their machine while stopping in the Dutch East Indies

The Air Mail

WE are to have blue pillar-boxes for air mail, and these are not before their time. The facilities for rapid mail transport as provided by air services are less known in this country than in some of the smaller Continental States. For one thing, we have no air stamps, a powerful advertising medium used by all foreign countries. Secondly, the Post Office makes no attempt to stress the time saved by the "third route," merely supplying, on request, a cheerless table of times, places and prices. Shouldn't everyone know that Imperial Airways have saved another day on the Indian mail, and Egypt is now only three days away from London? By leaving Croydon on Saturday morning the machine arrives at Alexandria on Monday night and at Delhi on the following Saturday. Croydon is a terminus instead of a junction, and it will be some time yet before Scotland, Ireland, the North and West of England are linked through London with the rest of the world. The provincial cities and towns are slow to appreciate the advantages of air connections—their aerodromes are on paper, and meantime the best sites are being ruined by overhead electric cables.

BY JUAN DE SIRIA

PEARL OF THE SEA

Bachelors are different!

PLAYER'S
BACHELOR
CORK TIPPED
Cigarettes

10 for 6d 20 for 1/- 50 for 2/6

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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Underwood*

A PICTURESQUE HAT FOR GOLD CUP DAY

Studied simplicity is a salient feature of the wide-brimmed hats which will be worn at Ascot this year, for they harmonise perfectly with long, diaphanous frocks. This model, from the Army and Navy Stores, is expressed in henna-coloured leghorn, the brim being weighted at one side by choux of tangerine and peacock-hued flowers, while a printed chiffon scarf which embodies all these shades encircles the crown

The Natural Flower Vogue

By Olive Caley Smith

There is a no more flattering fur than a finely marked silver-fox. This luxurious specimen comes from Bertram Gilbert, and would greatly enhance the effect of any ensemble

Simple Daytime Posies

It was inevitable that the acceptance of "feminine" modes should bring back such almost-forgotten accessories as petticoats, gloves, fans and flowers, and so it is not in the least surprising that many girls are carrying flat bouquets of fresh flowers at their coming-out dances or that "smart" artificial buttonholes are being eclipsed by those that are faithful imitations of Nature's field and garden favourites. Clusters of cowslips and forget-me-nots, cornflowers and poppies, moss roses and primulas are very gay and charming on dresses or coats, but nothing looks better than a gardenia with a tailored suit. Orchids are now worn only in the evening or at very important afternoon functions, and then it is where they are placed that is the important thing.

New Ways with Orchids

Small mottled blooms neatly ranged along the whole length of one shoulder-strap are an interesting change, or a trail may curve down the side of an oval décolletage in the back. Those whose hands are beautiful may even wear them on one wrist, surrounding them with a chou of clear green tulle so that the slenderness of the arm is emphasised. While in the afternoon they may be tucked into the belt, pinned over the heart, or fastened just behind the shoulder to keep a little fluttering cape in place. The golden rule to be observed by those who want artificial flowers to look like real ones is to pin them in loosely and carelessly so that they may fall naturally and lose that air of uncompromising stiffness which usually betrays them.

A Dress Problem Solved

Many, many yards of material go to the making of the new long and intricately cut frocks, and the question of how to acquire an adequate summer wardrobe at a reasonable cost is one that is causing numberless women a good deal of anxious thought. An excellent solution to this problem is provided by the use of Courtauld's fabrics, all of which are marvellously delicate in texture, though they wear extraordinarily well. The dress sketched on the right of this page is made in Courtauld's "San Toy," which is available in a very wide range of effective designs, and is delightfully soft and supple to handle. The colours are guaranteed, and it will retain its fresh, silky appearance even after repeated cleaning, so that allied with Courtauld's marocains or Courgette it is equally suitable for elaborate afternoon ensembles or for little home frocks. For pretty lingerie there is Delysia, Viscolane, or washing satin, while too much cannot be said in favour of Clytie satin for simple holiday dance dresses.

Furs at Summer Prices

Furs are true friends, for they are infinitely becoming, in addition to which they provide just that finish which practically every suit and frock requires. Bertram Gilbert, the well-known furrier, whose establishments in various parts of London constitute so large an organisation that he is able to buy and sell under the most advantageous conditions, has just opened a new branch at 266-268, Regent Street (Oxford Circus). Here there may be found a large selection of furs that, besides being offered at summer prices—which are always considerably less than those prevailing during the winter months—have been still further reduced in honour of this event. For instance, beautiful silver foxes are available from 12 guineas, while red, grey or beige ones may be procured for as little as £3. Then, amazing though it seems, there are real moleskin coats for the modest sum of 8 guineas, or real squirrel wraps for only £15. Readers should make a point of sending for a copy of the new Spring and Summer catalogue, which will gladly be sent post free on request.

Soft-hued Tweeds and Saxonies

Threequarter length coats and novel capes were a feature of the display of tailored suit and wraps staged by Burberrys, of Haymarket. One Cavalier cape, made in Burella, with a neat squirrel collar, was greatly admired, for in addition to being absolutely weatherproof, it was voluminous enough to be very warm despite its light weight, and it was really distinctive. Beneath it was worn a neat tweed suit which had a cardigan-shaped coat that buttoned up to the throat, and a skirt with four deep pleats across the front. Camel-hair coats in soft browns and beige were shown for travelling and sports, while the time-honoured Burberry vied with weatherproof Urber silk coats in glowing colours. The new Burberry riding coat, made either with a deep pleat at the back or with side pleats, and the aviation suits in Burella or Burberry gabardine aroused great interest.

A neat clover-leaf design in beige and coral on a black ground distinguishes this slender afternoon frock of San Toy, with its fashionable inset vest and little detachable cape

Sketches by Margot

Dear Lady Simplicity

For a dinner *tête à tête* what happier choice of perfume could you make than the Yardley Lavender?—intimate, tender, yet elusive as womanhood itself. The simple beauty of its fragrance never fails to charm. Best-loved of perfumes that Fashion ever sponsored! Wistful. Winsome. Caressing!

LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance

by YARDLEY

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Since 1770

SHOOTING NOTES

SALMON FISHING IN IRELAND F. O'Brien

A photograph taken from the Blackwater, near Fermoy, Co. Cork, showing Capt. Cobbold, son-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, playing a salmon while his gillie is about to use the gaff

UNFAVOURABLE REARING WEATHER

By "Clodhopper"

THESE notes are written before a roaring fire of Sherwood Forest logs, while a perfect deluge of icy rain—it has been pouring "solidly" for twenty-four hours—beats against the window-panes of my den, obscuring from view a wide and beautiful stretch of the cream of the Belvoir country. Indeed, ever since the advent of the "merrie month of May" the weather, in the Midlands at any rate, has, if possible, been colder and more inclement than that of last month. Small wonder, therefore, that game-rearers in general and gamekeepers in particular are praying for sunshine and more favourable climatic conditions, not only in the rearing fields but on the moors and partridge manors also.

Cold, wet weather is by no means conducive to free laying, and from personal observation, supported by reports received from owners, lessees, and keepers of partridge shootings, big and small, in various parts of the country, it is obvious that the "little brown ladies" have been decidedly more tardy in their maternal obligations than was the case this time last year. In point of fact, judging by the number of paired birds that are still to be seen feeding on the tillages and pastures at all hours of the day, comparatively few partridges have yet begun to sit.

BOTH wild and hand-reared pheasants, on the other hand, are doing well enough. Two clutches of twelve and fourteen hedgerow pheasants' eggs, deposited in a thick double fence within a short distance of my house, were successfully hatched about a week ago, the casualties consisting of one or two addled eggs. In view of the fact, however, that a covert, inhabited by a vixen and a hefty litter of cubs, lies not half a mile away, it can scarcely be hoped that more than half a dozen or so of those two healthy broods of young wild pheasants will be allowed to reach maturity. So numerous and varied are the enemies against which the hedgerow pheasant has to contend that, although in a favourable season she may lay from twelve to sixteen eggs, a very small percentage of her numerous brood will live to hear a gun fired. Hence the importance of taking up outlying eggs during April and early May, as mentioned in my notes of two weeks ago.

A SPELL of warm weather, such as might well make an appearance before this present article finds its way into type, would cause a plethora of sitting on the part of the partridges, and, considering that early laying, previous to cold, adverse weather and late frosts, so often results in a poor partridge year, I would, personally, rather see the birds engaged a little late than too early in their incubatory duties.

On the other hand, I am still inclined to think that on not a few shoots of my ken, too heavy a breeding stock remains on the ground to insure a really good season, with strong and healthy birds, such as we enjoyed last year. Still, it is just a wee bit too previous, perhaps, to predict trouble of any kind, and I sincerely hope that my ideas regarding an overplus of old and barren birds may be entirely erroneous.

THE shooting tenant of a certain well-known sporting estate in Nottinghamshire tells me that he has experienced a difficulty in getting his head keeper, who is apparently obsessed with pheasant rearing, to take an adequate interest in an excellent partridge beat which is included in the sporting rights. Regrettable though it may be, this, I am afraid, is only too often the case with gamekeepers who have put in most of their service on big covert shoots, as has the man in question. Nor, perhaps, is this difficult to understand in a keeper who has served a long apprenticeship and "graduated" in the vastly interesting practice of scientific pheasant rearing.

WITHIN comparatively recent years such important strides have been made in regard to pheasant culture, diagnostics of the various diseases peculiar to game birds, and remedies discovered for such maladies, that, in anything approaching a normal rearing period, a keeper worthy of his wage is able to show a rattling good head of healthy hand-reared pheasants in their proper season. On the other hand, he knows that partridge results are largely dependent upon the climatic conditions that exist during the nesting and rearing season—conditions over which he has no control.

I AM inclined to think that in many cases even highly trained keepers, especially on big covert shoots, are apt to accept rather too literally the old but mistaken idea that partridges should be left entirely to themselves throughout the breeding season. The partridge being, as it is, a hardy "son-of-the-soil," and not, as our Socialist friends would, perchance, call the pheasant, "the pampered and overfed pet of the idle, under-taxed rich," does not, of course, require anything like the care and attention of the latter, unless it be of lowly hedgerow origin. At the same time, he is too sporting a bird not to be accorded some degree of protection against egg thieves and poachers, human, furred and feathered, who are only too anxious and willing to profit by his presence in the neighbourhood.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

BUY THE SIMPLE GUN

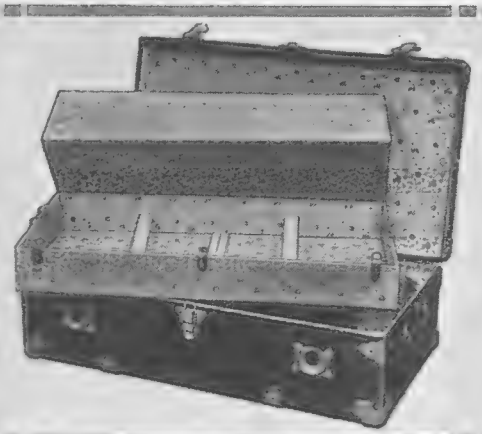
IN last week's advice about purchasing second-hand guns stress was laid on the considerably larger selection now available as compared with any later time. The same applies to new guns, inasmuch as makers have had time to fill their racks with an assortment of finished guns of specification to suit normal types of user. They also have a number approaching completion, still normal in tendencies, that can be finished to what in another trade is known as outside sizes. In my opinion the number of guns now being made with abnormally shaped stocks bespeaks rather a fad of the fitter who is allowed too much his own way than a reflection of sporting needs. Shooting men who order now are in a measure protected from the risk of a diagnosis that ordains something wonderful in shape. For the great majority a gun needs only to mount comfortably into alignment with the right eye. That condition being met eye and hand soon learn their job with a new tool. The gun that is bought, not exactly in a hurry but without time for indulgence in fads, will in the majority of cases prove a finer asset than the specimen which results from high-brow investigations by a fitter of extremist tendencies. Science is thorough but its aim is simplicity.

THREE FINE PIECES OF MODERN TROUBLE-SAVING LUGGAGE

Hat Box with Detachable Cage—A feature of this Brown Vulcanized Fibre Hat Box is a clear 4" of packing space under the removable Hat Cage—thus allowing full length accommodation for garments.

Size closed 22" × 17" × 12"

£5 10 0



"Zip" Kit Bag of fine quality cowhide; splendidly designed with particularly large opening for greater packing facilities, and to fasten with the handy "ZIP" Fastening and Padlock.

Length	22"	–	£5	18 6
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,,	18"	–	£4	17 6
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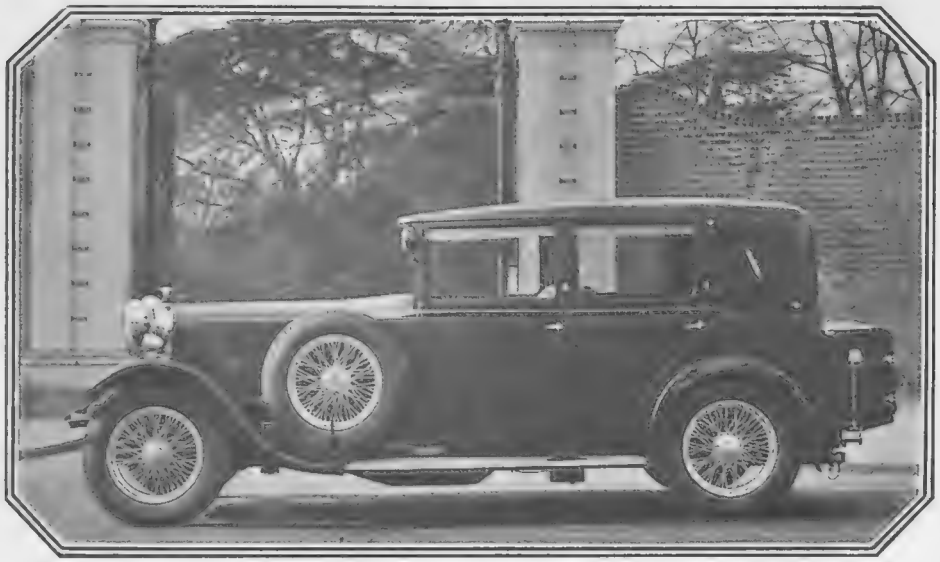
MOTOR NOTES



The 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with special Weymann limousine body (designed and built by the Sunbeam Company) that has been supplied to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. The exterior is covered in fine grain black Zapon fabric, while the upholstery is in crushed grain furniture hide. The woodwork of the interior is made of polished walnut, and Sorbo rubber mats take the place of the usual floor carpets. The car has been supplied to His Royal Highness by the Car Mart Ltd., of Park Lane

SIDELIGHTS ON SAFETY

By E. M. Wright

EVEN the motorist has a soul to be saved, and he cannot escape national campaigns to foster this or that good cause. A week or two ago we were all talking cotton, cotton dresses for women, cotton suits even for men, although icy winds from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bradford did their best to divert our attention to wool. This week's good cause is "Safety First," and a very good cause it is, too. No one needs reminding of the seriousness of the figures for road accidents. To use a time-honoured phrase, "Something must be done." But to achieve results any campaign for "Safety First" must embrace all classes of road users. Motorists are a little tired of impassioned pleas which are addressed to them, and to them alone. Everyone, from the pedestrian to the driver of a super-sports car, must play his part in making our roads safer.

* * *

TILL quite recently no non-motorist seemed to appreciate the elementary fact that a careless pedestrian could not only involve himself in a serious accident, but might, and did, involve a perfectly innocent and careful driver in disaster, either as the result of hitting him or of frantic efforts to avoid him. Fortunately, however, the attitude—that the motorist is always wrong—is giving place to saner views, except, of course, in such die-hard organisations as the Pedestrians' Association. Coroners nowadays quite frequently deliver aphorisms on the carelessness of "jay walkers," and newspapers are ready to feature them just as boldly as they used to feature the "murderous motorist" type of story. Most of the comment made in a coroner's court or a police court sounds extremely foolish in the cold print of the following morning's paper, but at least it does show which way the wind is blowing. More important are the official reports of a number of Chief Constables, who have estimated that pedestrians are responsible for more than 50 per cent. of all street accidents. When, therefore, we start talking of "Safety First," let us remember that

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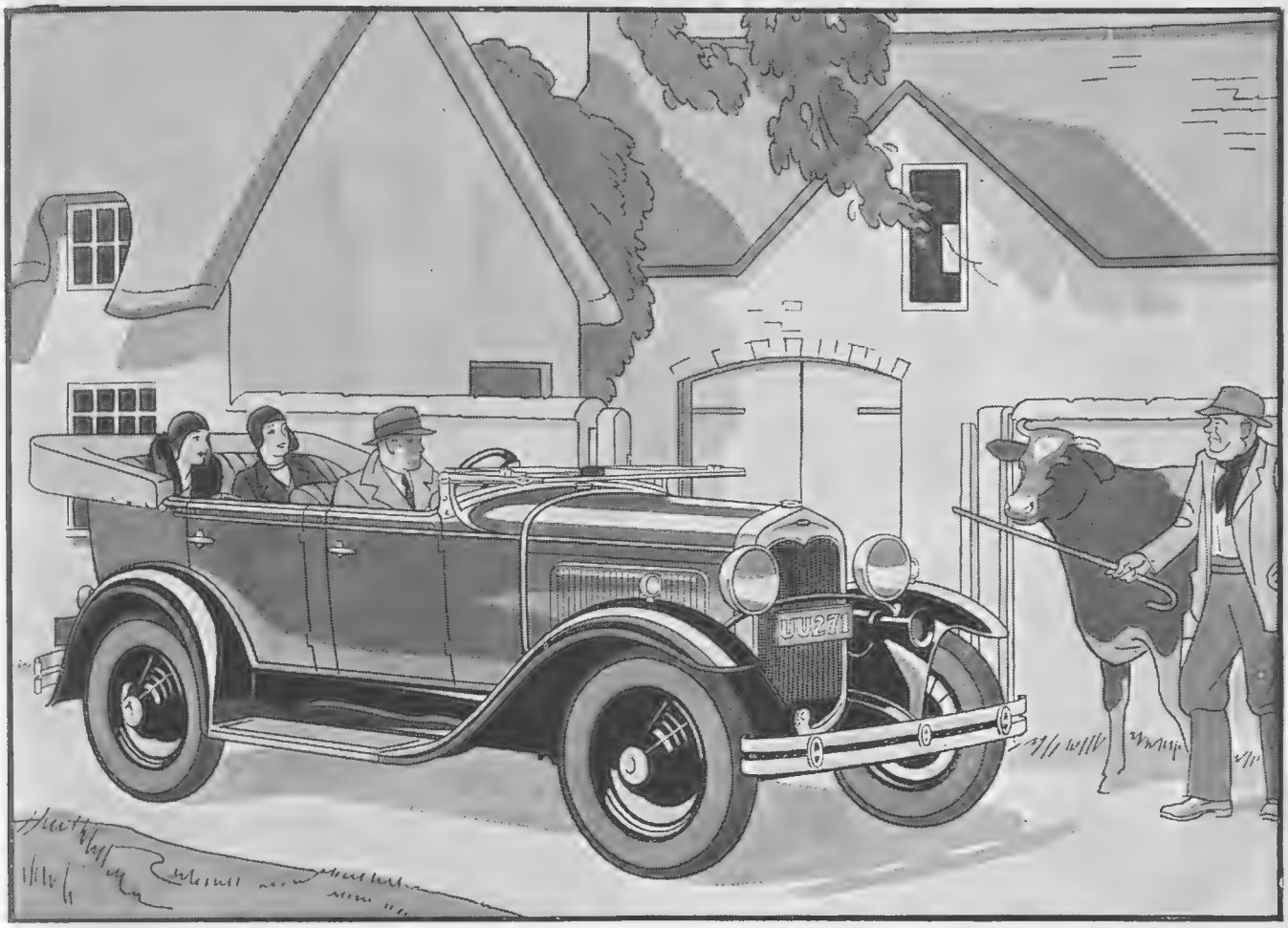
THE NEW FORD TOURER



Striking new grace and distinction . . . . added safety and comfort . . . . no increase in price

The new model A Ford car brought a new realization of motoring comfort and safety to millions of people, in every walk of life, throughout the world.

To have added to that dependableness a strikingly fresh beauty and distinction, with further substantial additions to safety and comfort, is the latest Ford achievement.

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See for yourself, without fail, at the nearest Ford dealer's, the new Rustless Steel bright parts whose brilliance even scratches cannot mar. New deeper radiator and longer bonnet. New roomy bodies with flowing streamlines.

New lower and stronger wheels. New larger tyres. New springs, new lamps, new colours.

Remember also that, with new style and distinction, comfort and safety are still further enhanced. Be sure to have a trial run.

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Tourer	£180
Tudor Saloon	£195
Coupe	£215
Cabriolet	£225
Fordor Saloon (3 window)	£225
De Luxe Fordor with sliding roof	£245

All prices at Works, Manchester.

LINCOLN Ford Fordson

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi)

the average pedestrian can proceed to the danger of the rest of the public as much as can the driver of a car.

* *
*

ANOTHER non-motoring road-user who might profit from a little intensive "hot gospelling" on the subject of "Safety First" is our friend the push-cyclist. It would do him no harm at all were the relevant clauses of the lighting regulations read out over the wireless, say, for three consecutive Sundays, like banns in church. For, despite the fact that the present provisions are now two years old, hordes of push-cyclists still openly ignore the law, while 75 per cent. of them carry reflectors which are so dirty or so defective as to be almost useless.

* *
*

BUT road safety does not depend entirely upon what is done by road users. What of the road makers? Skids in this climate of ours are never out of season, whatever the time of year. It is true that we have heard less lately of the death trap surface which only needed a light shower to render it murderously smooth and slippery; for at long last the Ministry of Transport has officially recommended "recipes" for constructing them reasonably safe. Nevertheless, many of our roads are still far from being skid-proof. This week's campaign will not have been in vain if even a few road contractors so far "see the light" as solemnly to abjure those dangerous practices of which they have been guilty in the past, and resolve never, never to build a glass-smooth road again. There is still another aspect of road construction which has a very important bearing on road safety, and that is the actual planning—or lack of planning—of so many of our roads. Everyone knows of blind corners which are notoriously dangerous, of narrow alleyways which in some places still do service for main roads, and all those other bad features which have made certain spots a by-word throughout the country. A little reconstruction here and there would save more lives than weeks or months of pious exhortation.

A COUPLE OF CO-OPS!

Miss Elsie Randolph, a prominent member of that happy band of entertainers, the Co-Optimists, now playing at the London Hippodrome. She is seen in her new 10 h.p. Swift "Foursome" Coupé

* *
*

I HAVE not so far dealt with what the motorist should do, but I have so often referred to the subject of safer driving that I hesitate to turn schoolmaster once again and trot out the usual string of "do's" and "don'ts." Every motorist should know the rules and courtesies of the road, and if he does not he should at once get hold of "Road Sense" (1930), a little booklet which can be had free from the National "Safety First" Association, 119, Victoria Street, S.W.1. No "Safety Week" campaign will of itself make drivers more careful if the drivers do not make some effort to put precept into practice, not merely this week but every week.

* *
*

AS one cynic has already remarked, "Why only a week?" It rests with all other road users whether any lasting improvement is achieved. A large number of road accidents are caused through the ignorance of the driver, who quite often has only a faint idea of the various signals. One of the most essential points of driving is always to make perfectly clear what you intend to do. E. M. W.

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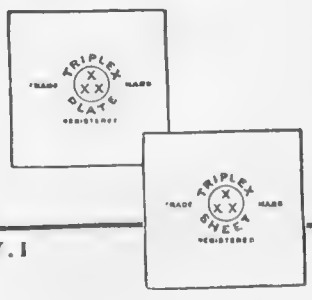

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle St., London, W.1

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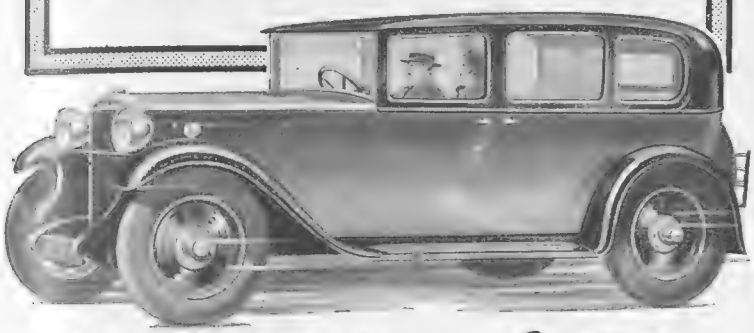

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Model	Old Price	Reduction	New Price
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Safety Tourer	£325	£35	**£290**
Saloon	£325	£30	**£295**
Safety Saloon	£375	£37	**£338**
6-Light Weymann Saloon	£375	£37	**£338**
Segrave Model	£385	£47	**£338**
Drop-Head Coupé	£415	£37	**£378**

Sunshine Roof on all closed models £10 extra.
Triplex Glass on Safety Models. Dunlop Tyres.

STRAIGHT EIGHT.

Model	Old Price	Reduction	New Price
Tourer	£430	£35	**£395**
Safety Tourer	£445	£35	**£410**
Saloon	£445	£30	**£415**
Safety Saloon	£485	£40	**£445**
6-Light Weymann Saloon	£485	£40	**£445**
Segrave Model	£495	£50	**£445**
Drop-Head Coupé	£510	£35	**£475**

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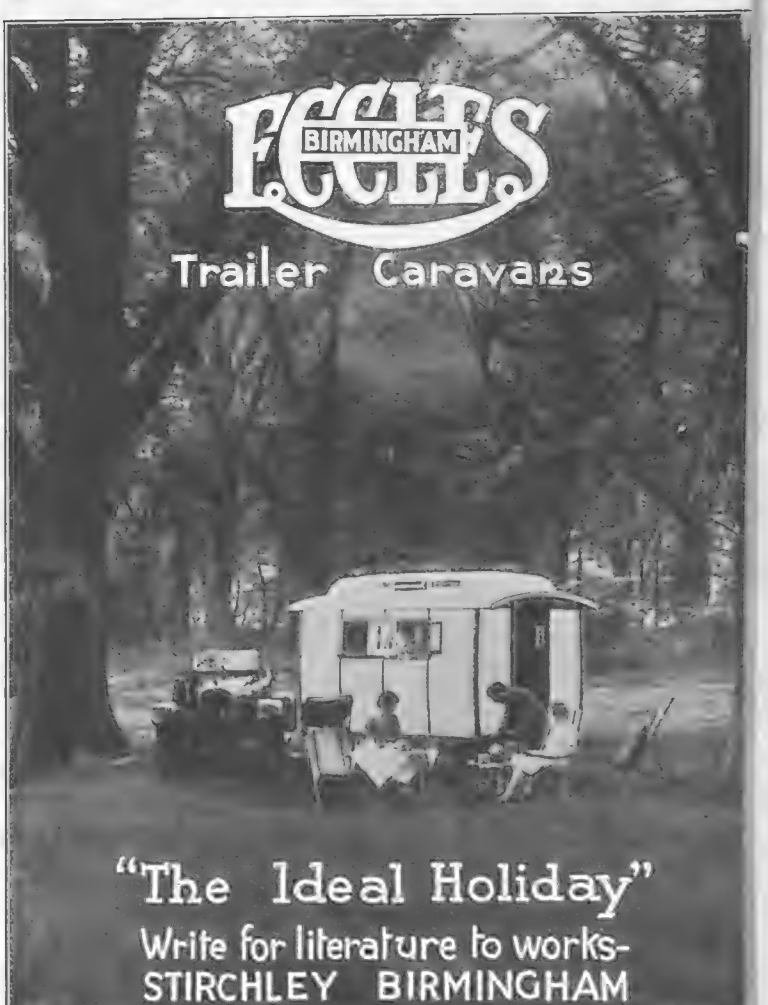

THE WORLD OF DOGS L.N.A.

A photograph taken during the judging of the Fox Terrier class at the Joint Terrier Club's Show recently held at Olympia

PRESENT-DAY PLUCK

By "THE KENNELMAN"

TO-DAY (Wednesday) brings Dog Shows at Cheltenham and Worthing, with another to-morrow, at Mrs. John Thynne's place, Red Court, Haslemere. Henley-on-Thames promises a good Show for Wednesday of next week, and the South Coast Kennel Society will hold its Show at Brighton on June 12.

THE ancient lineage of the Irish Wolfhound is known to all students of canine history—they were famous in the days of the Roman occupation—and the Irish Wolfhound Club has never lacked support from those in high places. It is interesting to note that H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood has now become its Patron, and is herself the interested owner of an Irish Wolfhound kennel which includes a litter of this season's whelping.

HAS in-breeding, whilst giving us the present-day Fox Terrier's remarkable perfection of line, type, expression, etc., sapped the spirit and gameness of the breed? The question is becoming increasingly frequent. Well, the Kennelman's reply is in the negative—since the question refers to the breed. But as regards a good many individual specimens it can't be denied their shyness and nervousness shows them victims of injudicious extremism in in-breeding and over-intensive culture for Show. The moral for buyers is sufficiently obvious. By a coincidence the same day that brought the Kennelman his latest lament from a correspondent about a nerveless, hysterical little Terrier (purchased in the wrong way) brought also news of a Terrier belonging to the Essex Union Hunt. This hero went to earth after a fox at Ongar, and in due course was reported missing, believed dead. However, certain patient diggers cherished hopes and stuck to their rescue work. *After six days,* the Terrier was actually recovered from the earth, and was, of course, in a state of complete exhaustion. After imbibing two or three sips of brandy and milk this Terrier placed on record his reply to all pessimistic critics of his breed by struggling to get back to the earth!

THE Australian cricketers, like all good sportsmen, are keen on Dogs. Therefore it was a good and timely deed for that world-famous offspring of the National Dog Week Council which is called the Tail-Waggers' Club, to have presented the Australians with a living mascot, in the person of a well-bred and amiable little Wire-haired Fox Terrier. Mr. Tom Webster, the cartoonist, made the presentation; and so rapidly are the Tail-Waggers growing in numbers that the Club roll now includes the names of a hundred and fifty thousand other Dogs to wish the Australians' jolly little mascot luck!

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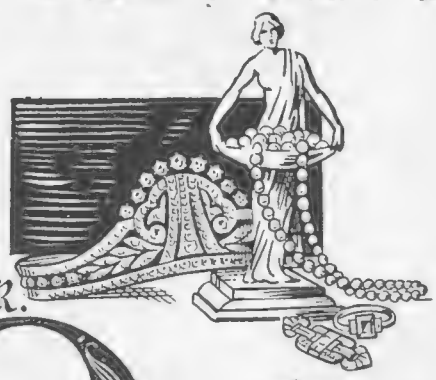

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SARDINES À LA ROYALE.

DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Purée d'Asperges

WASH and scrape a bundle of asparagus, cover with one quart of boiling water and boil for twenty minutes. Lift out the stalks, remove, and set aside the tips. Cut the stalks into inch pieces, return to the saucepan and cook uncovered until very tender, then rub all through a sieve. Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler, add two tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until thick and smooth. Add the asparagus pulp and liquid, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add the reserved tips and simmer for five minutes longer, and serve.

Homard à la Newburgh

HEAT one pint of cream, and add two tablespoonfuls of flour (which has been made into a cream with milk), stirring all the time, as it must not boil. Add two yolks of eggs, stirring quickly, and then a glass of sherry. When thoroughly mixed add three cupfuls of lobster, cut into pieces the size of walnuts and previously simmered in a little butter, salt, and pepper. Serve very hot.

MR. R. McCOVEY

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CUT about eight fillets, trim them, and cook in butter in a sauté-pan over a quick fire. Season to taste. Place each fillet on an artichoke bottom previously seasoned and heated in stock. Dish up in a circle. Cover each fillet with a well-reduced Béarnaise sauce, place a thin round of truffle on top of each, and fill the centre of the dish with farced olives. Sauce over with demi-glaze.

Carottes à la Crème

RUB some small young carrots in salt in a coarse cloth. Mix a good-sized piece of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour together in a saucepan over the fire. Then add three tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt and pepper and mace, and stir well. Add the carrots and cook for about half an hour; add a spoonful of cream, mix well and serve very hot.

Sardines à la Royale

SKIN some large sardines, remove the backbone carefully, and place some chutney in the cavity. Heat, and serve on fingers of hot buttered toast. Garnish with a little coralline pepper.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Sport Almanacks

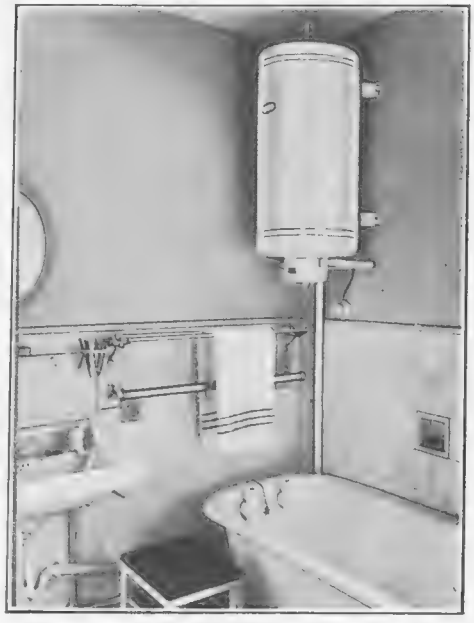
It is well worth while buying a copy of the 1930 issue of the "Lawn Tennis Almanack," which is edited by Mr. A. Wallis Myers, probably the ablest writer on lawn tennis of our time. It forms a complete record of the game, and it is certain that lawn tennis readers will be glad to have it brought to their notice. Since the first issue appeared in 1908 it has enjoyed a steadily increasing circulation, until to-day it is the lawn tennis devotee's vade mecum. The two outstanding articles—"The Lady on the Lawn," by the Editor, and "Professionalism in Lawn Tennis," by H. S. Scrivener—will be of great interest to all followers of the game. Another book of interest is "Ayres' Cricket Companion," a careful record of Public School and club Cricket. In addition to the season's record each year, the cricket history of one of our well-known schools is fully and accurately dealt with, Denstone being the college chosen for this issue.

A French Year Book

The 1930 edition of "Essi," an important and interesting work, published by the Union des Federations des Syndicats d'Initiatives, contains all information for visiting France and staying at French health resorts. It also contains a list of over 3,000 places of interest. This Year Book can be obtained by the public from the Bureau National de Renseignements de Tourisme, 101, Avenue des Champs Elysées, an organisation which furnishes free of charge disinterested information to those intending to visit or stay in France.

A Booming Industry

A remarkable increase in the sales of chocolates throughout the country has followed the general reduction in prices due to the fall in the cost of the constituent materials. Since this benefit was passed on to the public some manufacturers have been faced with unprecedented orders. Messrs. Cadbury, for example, report that their chocolate sales a few weeks ago were a record for the firm, and far exceeded their previous best made at "peak" periods, such as Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas. "Not only have people a sweeter tooth to-day," said the manager of a West End confectionery store, "but more and more chocolate is being bought by travellers, motorists, and office girls to take the place of lunch snacks or hasty meals."



FOR HOT WATER

A Sadia automatic electric water-heater designed for supplying hot water at a minimum cost and a great saving of labour

H.M.V. New Records

In addition to a wonderful range of grand opera records by artists now appearing at Covent Garden, the early May release by "His Master's Voice" contains a most attractive range of music for the home. Jack Hylton and his Orchestra, now on a triumphant tour of Europe, reveal their versatility by playing superbly Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in G Minor and Prelude in C Sharp Minor." De Groot, the sparkling violinist who has been honoured by a command performance before the Prince of Wales, contributes with his orchestra "Dream Lover" from the film "The Love Parade," and "We'll Build a World of our Own" from the film "Happy Days." Ambrose and his Orchestra, who have just signed a £50,000 contract for two years with the May Fair Hotel, now record for "His Master's Voice," and the rhythm of their dance playing is emphasised in four fox-trots from the films "The Grand Parade," "Be Yourself," and "Spring is Here." The volume and precision of massed mandolines is fascinatingly brought out by the Mandoline Concert Society with two dashing marches, "The Entry of the Gladiators" and "The Amazon's Ride," an inspiring record for frequent service. Among the fresh festive songs must be mentioned Gracie Fields explaining how "You can't kill flies by scratching them," Frank Crumit in his most amusing mood with "Abdul Abulbul Amir," and George Metaxa in ditties from "Cochran's 1930 Revue."

Water, Electricity, Heat

Electricity is being featured more and more in connection with the equipment of modern homes, and in no way more so than in the growing use of electric water heaters. In this connection it is interesting to examine the claims of the Sadia Automatic Electric Water Heaters, which differ from many others in so far as they work on the displacement principle, i.e., cold water entering the tank forces the hot water out. This system provides the especial advantage that the inner tank is always full, and there is no danger of damaging the heating element. Sadia Water Heaters are designed for supplying hot water at a minimum cost and a great labour saving. They can be placed at the actual point where hot water is required, or made to supply several draw-off taps. Very hot water is obtainable at any time of the day or night, and there is no waste of current, as the surface leakage is almost nil, and the supply of electricity is controlled by a thermostat

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A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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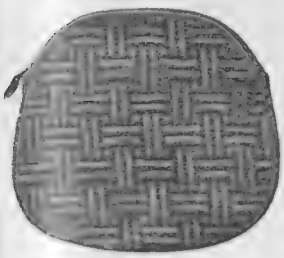

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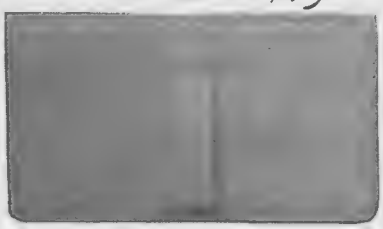

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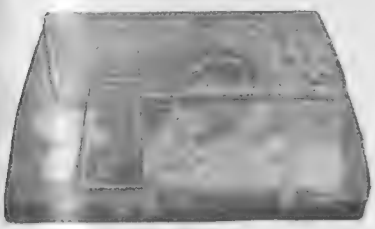

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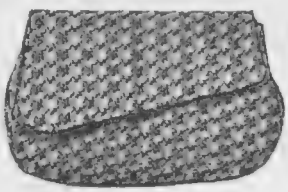

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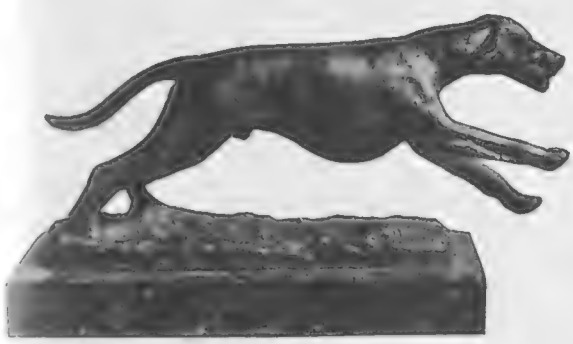

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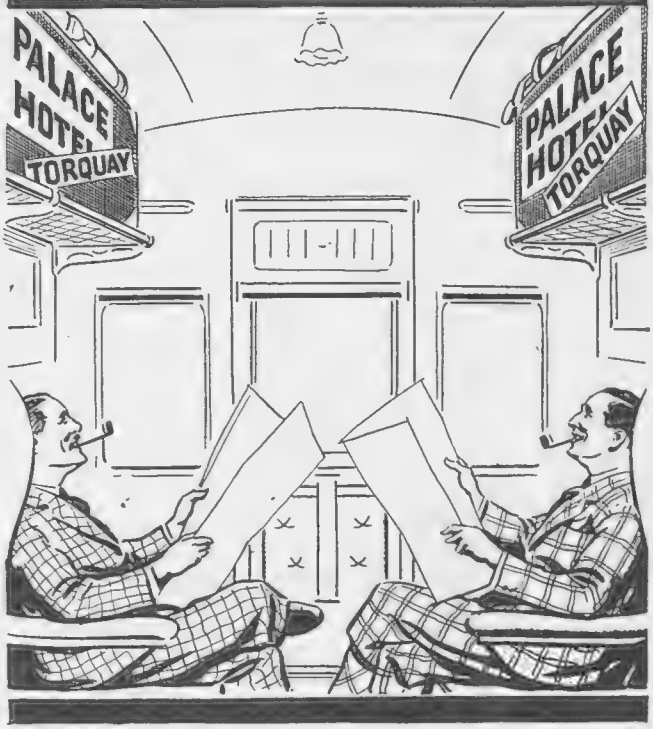

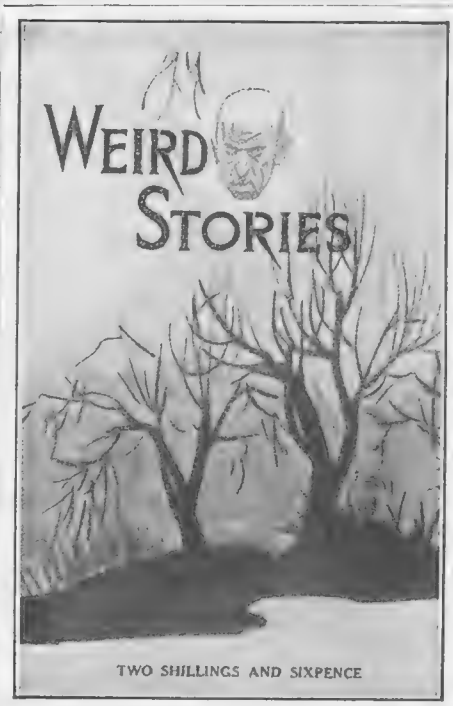

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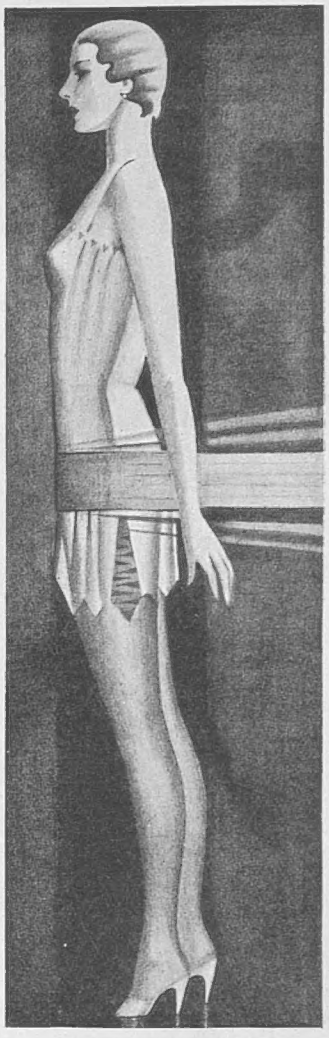

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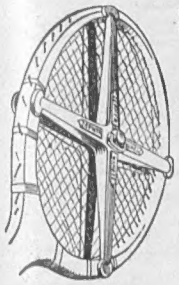

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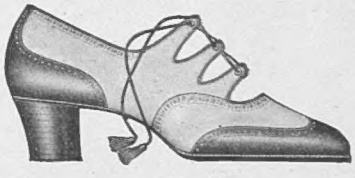

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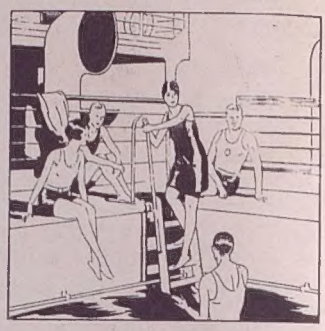

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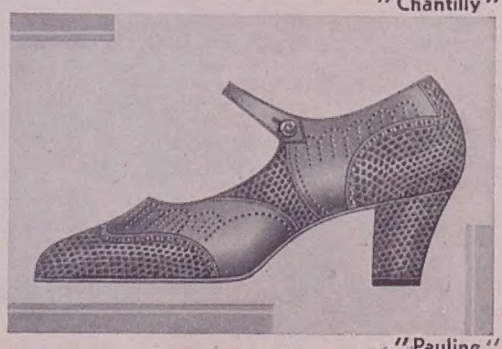

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